
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JULY, 1825.

MISS GRADDON.

THIS amiable and accomplished young lady, who enjoys, at this time, so considerable a share of the public favour, is the only daughter of Mr. Graddon, of the respectable house of Clementi & Co. of Cheapside. She was born at Bishop's-Lydiard, near Taunton, in Somersetshire, on the 21st of September, 1806. From the time she was five years of age, Miss Graddon has evinced an ardent passion for music; which being quickly perceived by her father, every care was taken to cultivate her rising talents, by providing the first masters for her instruction. Aided by her own powerful genius, she soon rapidly acquired those refined graces of the musical art which, combined with great science and brilliancy of execution, constitute a first-rate singer.

About four years ago Miss Graddon became a pupil of Mr. T. Cooke; and has since profited by the able assistance of Signor Liverati, professor of Italian singing, and formerly of the King's-theatre. In 1823, she was engaged by Mr. Harris, to perform for one season, at the Theatre-royal, Dublin; and made her *debut* in the character of "Rosetta," in "Love in a Village." She was received with every mark of public approbation, and continued, throughout the season, to receive the public countenance and approbation.

From Dublin, Miss Graddon proceeded to Liverpool, where she intended remaining only a few days, but the Proprietors of the Liverpool and Manchester theatres prevailed upon her to accept an engagement, at these places, for the whole of the season.

Miss Graddon made her first appearance before a London audience, at the Theatre-royal, Drury-lane, on the 23d of

October, last year, in the character of "Susanna," in "the Marriage of Figaro." She was received on this occasion with the warmest applause, by a crowded and fashionable audience, and has ever since continued to increase in the public favour and estimation. Indeed, we recollect few female singers who have attained so high a reputation in so short a space of time. It is rather a singular coincidence that Miss Graddon should make her first appearance in Dublin on the 23d of October, 1823, and in London, on the same day in the following year. Her engagement with Mr. Elliston is for three years. She has appeared as "Lindo," in the popular opera of "Der Freischütz," upwards of sixty nights, and had the honour to perform in that character, on the occasion of His Majesty's late visit to Drury-lane theatre. She was warmly applauded by the King, who appeared so peculiarly delighted with her style of singing, as to be seen by the audience, beating time to the music, with his hands. Her songs were given with great spirit, and produced a most striking effect.

In the popular piece entitled "Abon Hassan," Miss Graddon has likewise been very successful in the character of "Zulima." In private life, we rejoice to learn, from the most unexceptionable authority, that Miss G. enjoys the esteem of a numerous circle of friends, who admire her for her amiable conduct, which may, with truth, be said to be regulated by the strictest rules of prudence and propriety. Her countenance is pleasing, animated, and expressive, as will be seen by the accompanying portrait, faithfully copied from a striking likeness by Miss Drummond, which attracts the admiration of all who have seen it, and which has, already, procured for the fair artist something more valuable than simple approbation.

CORNISH WANDERER.

MR. WILSON, a gentleman of Cornwall, who inherited an estate of about £1000 per annum in that country, at the age of twenty-three, and in the year 1741, the year after his father's death, set off for the Continent on his travels. He rode on horseback, with one servant, over the greatest part of the world. He first viewed every European country, in doing which he spent eight years. He then embarked for America;



was too years in the northern part, and three years more in South America; where he travelled as a Spaniard, which he was enabled to do from the facility with which he spoke the language. The climate, prospects, &c. of Peru, enchanted him so much, that he hired a farm, and resided on it nearly twelve months. His next tour was to the East; he passed successively through all the territories in Africa, to the south of the Mediterranean, Egypt, Syria, and all the dominions of the Grand Seignior; went twice through Russia, through the northern and southern provinces; over Hindostan, and part of Siam and Pegu, and made several excursions to the boundaries of China. He afterwards, on his return, stopped at the Capé of Good Hope, and penetrated some distance into Africa; and, on his return to the Cape, he took the opportunity of a ship going to Batavia, and thence visited most of the Islands in the great Indian Archipelago. Returning to Europe, he landed at Cadiz, and travelled over land to Moscow, in his way to Kamschatka. In 1783, he was at Moscow, healthy and vigorous, and though then in his sixty-sixth year, was preparing for a journey to Siberia.

THE HON. MRS. MONK.

THE name of this lady appears in more than one of our modern Biographical Dictionaries, coupled with the vague and inappropriate character of having been a celebrated poetess. Nothing could be more erroneous. She neither deserved nor desired such a title; having never published a line during her life, nor appearing to have coveted any other title than that of a virtuous and respectable private gentlewoman.

But though little known in the world of letters, she deserves to be commemorated for the possession of talents as well as virtues, and for the industrious and successful cultivation of those talents. She was the daughter of Lord Molesworth, an Irish Peer, and was married to a gentleman of fortune. Her life was passed in retirement, and her leisure was occupied in literature. Such was her application, that she learnt Latin, Italian, and Spanish, without the help of a master. Poetry was one of her favourite amusements, and her compositions exhibit both taste and genius.

Mrs. Monk died at an early age in 1715; and for the preservation of her literary productions, we are indebted to the laudable partiality of her father, who, in 1716, published a small volume intitled "Marinda; poems and translations upon several occasions;" with a dedication to Caroline, the wife of George the Second, then Princess of Wales. In this address the parent praises his daughter with feeling and propriety. "I loved her," says he, "more because she deserved it, than because she was mine; and I cannot do greater honour to her memory, than by consecrating her labours, or rather her diversions, to your Royal Highness, as we found most of them in the scrutoire after her death, written with her own hand; little expecting, and as little desiring, the public should have any opportunity either of applauding or condemning them."

The distinguishing characteristic of Mrs. Monk's poetry, is the utter absence of affectation. Her sentiments are natural and pleasing, and her style simple and appropriate. Perhaps there is no one of her poems more interesting than the following death-bed address to her absent husband:

"Thou who dost all my worldly thoughts employ,
Thou pleasing source of all my earthly joy;
Thou tenderest husband, and thou dearest friend,
To thee this first, this last, adieu, I send.
At length the conqueror, Death, asserts his right,
And will for ever veil me from thy sight.
He woos me to him with a cheerful grace,
And not one terror clouds his meagre face.
He promises a lasting rest from pain;
And shews that all life's fleeting joys are vain:
Th' eternal scenes of Heav'n he sets in view,
And tells me, that no other joys are true.
But love, fond love, would yet resist his pow'r,
Would fain awhile defer the parting hour:
He brings thy mourning image to my eyes,
And would obstruct my journey to the skies.
But say, thou dearest, thou unwearied friend,
Say, could'st thou grieve to see my sorrows end?
Thou know'st a painful pilgrimage I've past;
And shouldst thou grieve that rest is come at last?
Rather rejoice to see me shake off life,
And die, as I have lived, thy faithful wife."

THE TANNER'S WIDOW.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee.

Hamlet.

Mr. and Mrs. Pitman would have been the best assorted and happiest couple in all Leighton-Buzzard,—in fact, they might have successfully claimed the Dunmow fitch of bacon,—but for certain natural differences of temper, habits, and pursuits: and their perpetual squabbles on the subject of dress, house-keeping, amusements, and all that regarded pecuniary disbursements. He stoutly determined not to die a beggar, she as sturdily declared that she would not live like one; and both kept their words. It certainly did not become a thriving tanner's wife, as she very justly observed, to go draggling about in rags and rubbish; but then it was equally unseemly, as he very pertinently rejoined, to flaunt through the town in scarlet velvet pelisses that set all the place in a blaze, and wear such a variety of plume-crowned bonnets, that more people went to church to look at her single head, than to mark the three into which the clergyman regularly divided his Cerberus sermons. Whether this was the fault of the lady, the congregation, or the Reverend Mr. Snuffleton, he did not presume to decide; but all those who were poorer than Mr. Pitman joined in condemning his wife's extravagance, while all those who were richer contented themselves with laughing at it. Certain it is, that she introduced unheard-of luxuries among the good trades-people of Leighton-Buzzard. She it was who first put a livery upon one of the apprentices, and made him wait at table when there was company, to the great clamour of the whole town and tan-yard; and she it was who first placed before her guests gooseberry-wine ennobled with the title of Champagne, which, being in lank, narrow-shouldered bottles, well sealed down and secured at the mouth, and very sparkling, frothy, and vapid, when it found vent, might well have passed off, even with travellers, as a genuine native of France.

The neighbours, who came eagerly to taste this rarity, were quite as eager, when they went away, to abuse the donor; and Mr. Pitman, anxious for his double credit as a manufacturer of gooseberry-wine, and a frugal tanner, burnt with impatience to reveal the secret; but his wife having sworn that she would order a new velvet pelisse from Bond-street the moment he divulged, he kept his tongue between his teeth, and his money in his pocket. To do this the more effectually, he had repeatedly declared to the trades-people that he would not pay one farthing of his wife's extravagant debts; and he was a man of such firmness and decision of character, that Mrs. Pitman was constantly obliged to go to him, and insist upon having the money immediately, that she might discharge them herself.

The grave-digger, in Hamlet, assures us, that a tanner will considerably outlast others under ground: though they should not therefore outlive their fellows upon earth, they may consider themselves gainers in the long run. There is no quarrelling about tastes, but for my own part I would rather be a lively young man, than a mummy, however old. Mr. Pitman might have made the same decision, had a choice been afforded him; but it was not. He quitted us all without notice, evaporating, as it were, without any visible motive for becoming invisible; and when I enquired the particulars of my friend, the schoolmaster at Leighton-Buzzard, he could only exclaim in the words of Cicero, "*Abiit—evasit—excessit—erupit!*"

Mrs. Pitman was as inconsolable as bombazeen could make her;—her cap was a perfect pattern of grief, and nobody could have suspected her of laughing in her sleeve when they saw the depth of its weepers. And yet as a lover of expense, and not of her husband, she might well have been justified in some ebullition of pleasant surprise, when she found that, owing to a prize in the Lottery, which he had kept a secret, and certain usurious transactions which he had no great temptation to reveal, he had left her one of the richest widows in the whole neighbourhood. Her acquaintance, with their usual determinations to make others share their own envy, or at all events to excite astonishment, instantly doubled the amount of her fortune, which rumour soon tripled and quadrupled, until, upon the authority of some friends and connexions who

"happened to know the fact," it was finally and accurately set down at only three times the real amount. "Now we shall have fine doings," cried the good gossips of Leighton-Buzzard—"a rare dashing coach, and liveries of light blue and scarlet, I warrant me, with as many plumes in the head as her husband had at his funeral, (which was, after all, a scandalous shabby one), and as fine rings upon her finger as if she were a lady mayoress. Ay, ay, Madam Pitman is a proper one to make the money fly."

Now, with all proper deference to these good gossips, I am inclined to think that a sudden accession of unexpected wealth is just as likely to make a niggard as a spendthrift. *C'est le premier pas qui coutre* in hoarding; the difficulty is to make a beginning worthy of your future efforts to increase it. What can a person do with a few pounds? It is too little to put in the stocks, or buy a house; it is even dangerous to keep in your house; you must spend it in your own defence. Such is our treatment of small sums, large ones seldom pay us a visit, and the consequence is that few people in common life save money. Let a foundation be once laid, and we feel such a pride and pleasure in building up our fortune, that we rarely abandon the enterprise. Few who have felt the difficulty of acquiring and the gratification of possessing property, ever fall into extravagance. This is the great merit of the Savings-banks, they form a nucleus for the humblest ambition, and are sure to become powerful stimulants of frugal and moral habits.

The fact is, that Mrs. Pitman no sooner felt the dignity of wealth, the consequence of possession, and the pleasure of the homage which they procure, than she very naturally concluded that her dignity, consequence, and pleasure, would increase with the accumulation of her riches; and began economizing with great vigour and perseverance. No more fine pelisses and bonnets: these were very well to procure her the reputation of affluence; she now had the reality, and rather affected shabbiness of attire, not so much from parsimony, as to excite attention by the contrast of her present with her former self, and so recall the cause of the change. Though the habit of frugality finally stole upon her, so far as to degenerate into penuriousness, and procure for her the appellation of the old female miser, she could at times emancipate herself from

its influence. As it was said of a certain bard, that he threw about his dung with an air of dignity, it might be affirmed of her, that there was sometimes a magnificence in her meanness. She contributed largely to public subscriptions; made handsome donations to the parish; and frequently gave fifty pounds at a time to her nephew Frank Millington, though it was never known that they did him any good, or relieved him in the smallest degree from his embarrassments.

These violent efforts were, however, always succeeded by silent repentance, and an effort to reconcile herself to her habits by a stricter domestic economy. Then were the poor maids condemned for three days to get her to witness the apparition of the same calf's head upon the dinner-table; and when at last they laid it in the Red Sea, they not unfrequently imported a red-herring in exchange. The French restaurateurs, who give dinners at twenty-five sous a head, pompously announce in their bills, "*Pain à discretion*," well knowing that no person of the least discretion will eat much of so sour a commodity; and Mrs. Pitman informed her nymphs, that she left the small beer to their free and uncontrolled disposal, though she must confess she abominated female tiplers. It was magnifying things, to give such a pigmy beverage, innocent of hops and scarcely tinged with the first blush of malt, the name of even small beer; but the same cause that made Mrs. Pitman lavish, made the liquor poor. It was always sent as a present from her cousin, Mr. Swipes, the brewer, who was trying by every art and attention to ingratiate himself with the old lady's will, and who, knowing that she never tasted any thing but currant-wine, or rather water, of her own concoction, sometimes fobbed off her servants with a returned cask, whose acidity he had partially disguised by fortifying it from the pump. Probably he extended to unpaid beer the proverb applied to a gift horse—that it should not be looked at in the mouth: all the world agreed that it was "dull, flat, and stale," and he was the only person not justified in calling it "unprofitable." But enough of this compound; we must not speak ill of the dead.

Mr. Currie, the saddler, another cousin, who had also a shrewd eye to the "*post mortem* appearances" of the widow's testament, and could not very appropriately ingratiate himself by a spur or a horse-whip, kept her supplied with other

equally stimulating presents of sausages, hams, poultry, and game; chuckling at the idea of the enormous usury at which he was putting them out, which he estimated in his own mind at about the rate of a hundred pounds a basket. Mr. Swipes was neither less liberal, nor less sanguine; scarcely a week elapsed without his despatching a savoury parcel, which he deemed equivalent to sowing legacies and planting codicils. Nor had they any reason to doubt the old lady's intentions, for, as they fed her with good things, she fed them with hope, which is a better; and as to her nephew Frank Millington, against whom they combined all their powers of misrepresentation and abuse, he himself became their most efficient ally, by the wildness of his life, and the unbridled insolence of his demeanor towards his aunt. Frank was a patron of pugilists and cock-fighters, whose constant demands upon his purse occasioned as regular applications to hers; and though she really answered these claims with more liberality than could have been expected from her penurious habits, he could never endure with any decency of patience the long lecture which filled up the time, from the moment of his arrival to the production of what he emphatically, termed "the tip," whose apparition was always the signal for his disappearance. His last application, being somewhat too rapid as well as heavy, was encountered with a positive denial; and the recusant was commencing her usual exhortation, when Frank disrespectfully exclaimed, "Come, come, no preachee and floggee too," and muttering, loud enough to be heard, the words "stingy old mummy!" flung himself out of the room.

Now, though it must be candidly confessed that Mrs. Pittman, who had by this time become somewhat aged, and brown, and shrivelled, bore no small resemblance to those leathern ladies and gentlemen of Egypt, who mount guard at Museums in their glazed sentry-boxes, she considered herself too young by three thousand years to justify any such comparison, and was indignant in proportion to her own sense of juvenility. Mr. Swipes and Mr. Currie were even more moved than the old lady, for they felt the value of the insult. Never was a sorrow more joyous, or an anger more complacent, than that which they expressed upon the occasion. So deeply were their feelings injured, that they declared themselves unable to continue their visits, if they ran any risk of encountering such

an ungrateful profligate; and Frank was accordingly forbidden the house.

As the Tanner's widow waxed sickly and infirm, she became an enticing object for Mrs. Doldrum, an inhabitant of Leighton-Buzzard, one of those human screech-owls who prowl about the abodes of misery and death, croaking out dismal tidings, and hovering over corpses. She seemed only happy when surrounded by wretchedness, and her undertaker-like mind appeared to live upon death. When she could not treat herself with a dissolution, she would look about her for a broken leg, a bankruptcy, a family where there was a dishonoured daughter, a runaway son, or any calamity she could, by good fortune, discover. "O my dear friend," she exclaimed to Mrs. Pitman, a short time before her death, "I am so delighted to see you, (here a groan)—you know my regard for you, (another groan)—seeing your bed-room shutters closed, I took it for granted it was all over with you, so I came in just to close your eyes and lay out your body. Delighted to find you alive, (groan the third)—let us be of good cheer, perhaps you may yet linger out a week longer, though it would be a great release if it would please God to take you. (Groan the fourth.)—And yet I fear you are sadly prepared for the next world. (Groan the fifth and longest.)—You know my regard for you. The Lord be good unto us! Hark! is that the death-watch? I certainly heard a ticking."

This consolatory personage was all alive the moment she heard of Mrs. Pitman's death, which occurred shortly after; and she was obviously in her proper element, when superintending the closing of window-shutters, and all the minute arrangements usually adopted upon such mournful occasions. At her own particular request, she was indulged with the privilege of sitting up with the body the first night, and would not even resign her station on the second day, which was the time appointed for the reading of the will. Frank Millington had been sent for express to attend this melancholy ceremony. Mr. Swipes and Mr. Currie were, of course, present in deep mourning, with visages to match, and each with a white pocket-handkerchief to hide the tears which he feared he would be unable to shed. Mr. Drawl, the attorney, held the portentous document in his hand, bristilling with seals; and two or three friends were requested to attend

as witnesses. The slow and precise man of law, who shared none of his auditors' impatience, was five minutes in picking the locks of the seals, as many more in arranging his spectacles, and, having deliberately blown his nose, through which he always talked, (as if to clear the way,) he at length began his lecture. As the will, at the old lady's particular request, had been made as short and simple as possible, he had succeeded in squeezing it into six large skins of parchment, which we shall take the liberty of crushing into as many lines. After a few unimportant legacies to servants and others, it stated that the whole residue of her property, personal and real, consisting of ——— [here a formidable schedule of houses, farms, messuages, tenements, buildings, appurtenances, stocks, bonds, monies, and possessions, occupying twenty minutes in the recital,]—was bequeathed to her dear cousin, **Samuel Swipes** of the Pond-street Brewery, and **Christopher Currie** of the Market-place, Saddler.

Here Mr. Drawl laid down his parchment, drew breath, blew his nose, and began to wipe his spectacles, in which space of time Mr. Swipes was delivered of a palpable and incontestable snivel, in the getting up whereof he was mainly assisted by a previous cold; and endeavouring to enact a sob, which however sounded more like gargling his throat, he ejaculated—"Generous creature! worthy woman! kind soul!"

Mr. Currie, who thought it safer to be silently overcome by his feelings, buried his face in his handkerchief, whence he finally emerged with indisputably red and watery eyes, though it was upon record, that he had been noticed that morning grubbing about the onion-bed in his own garden, and had been seen to stoop down and pick something up. They were both with an ill-concealed triumph beginning to express to Frank their regret that he had not been named, and to inform him that they could dispense with his farther attendance, when Mr. Drawl, with his calm nasal twang, cried out—"Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats—I have not quite done yet,"—and, resuming the parchment and his posture, thus proceeded—"Let me see—where was I?—Ay, **Samuel Swipes** of Pond-street Brewery, and **Christopher Currie** of the Market-place, Saddler,"—and then raising his voice, to adapt it to the large German text words that came next, he sang out—"IN TRUST for the sole and exclusive use and benefit of my dear nephew Frank Millington,

when he shall have attained the age of twenty-five years, by which time I hope he will have so far reformed his evil habits, as that he may be safely intrusted with the large fortune which I hereby bequeath to him."—

"What's all this?" exclaimed Mr. Swipes—"you don't mean that we're humbugged?—In trust?—how does that appear?—where is it?"—Mr. Drawl depositing his spectacles, looking up at the ceiling, and scratching the underneath part of his chin, pointed to the two fatal words, which towered conspicuously above the multitude of their companions, and the brewer's nether-jaw gradually fell down till it crumpled and crushed the frill of his shirt. Mr. Currie, with a pale face and goggle-eyes, stood staring at his co-trustee, not exactly understanding what it all meant; though he saw by his countenance that there was some sudden extinction of their hopes. As the will was dated several years back, Frank only wanted three weeks of the stipulated period of possession, and as he hastily revolved in his mind all the annoyances he had occasioned his aunt, and the kind generosity with which she had treated him, his eyes remained fixed upon the carpet, and the tears fell fast upon the backs of his crossed hands.

Gaieties and Gravities, Vol. 2.

VETERAN CORPS.

DURING the American war, eighty old German soldiers, who after having long served under different monarchs in Europe, had retired to America, and converted their swords into ploughshares, voluntarily formed themselves into a company, and distinguished themselves in various actions in the cause of independence. The captain was nearly one hundred years old, had been in the army forty years, and present in seventeen battles. The drummer was ninety-four, and the youngest man in the corps on the verge of seventy. Instead of a cockade, each man wore a piece of black crape, as a mark of sorrow for being obliged, at so advanced a period of life, to bear arms. "But," said the veterans, "we should be deficient in gratitude, if we did not act in defence of a country which has afforded us a generous asylum, and protected us from tyranny and oppression." Such a band of soldiers never before, perhaps, appeared in a field of battle.

TARA'S HALLS.

BY A BRITISH OFFICER, TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 328, Vol. XXI.)

" Oh, melt not, melt not from my sight!
 Still let thine eye's celestial spell,
 Like the blest moon's meridian light,
 Illumine calm, this midnight dell!
 For sure, in holy hour I wake;
 And thou heaven's brightest spirit art!
 Thou com'st my raptured soul to take—
 Or hush to rest this wearied heart!"

Such was the feeling contained in the few agitated words, with which our bard of Tara records that Trathal, the mourning heir of western Caledonia, addressed the lovely being he gazed on from the tower of his mountain palace.—Only a few months before, he had followed the bier of his own betrothed, to the circle of stones; and now he almost believed it was her warning, beckoning shade, he beheld in that mysterious hour. But her answer soon informed him she was a living mortal, like himself, a creature in sorrow and supplication, and moreover his kinswoman.—I cannot do better than give it you, translated from the veritable stanza of our old rhyming chronicle.

No Angel from the stars of heaven,
 No seraph from the realms of day;
 Thou see'st a maid, to whom is given
 No power to waft thee hence away!—
 But she would woo thee to a spot,
 Where hate and murder rav'ning roam;
 She asks thee, seek the hills remote,
 That circle round her plunder'd home!—
 Yes, she would bear thee to yon isle,
 Surrounded by a treacherous sea;
 Fair Erin, now the tyrant's spoil,
 Stretching her kindred arms to thee!"

The persuasion of distress, was too expressive in every tone of the beautiful suppliant, not to have convinced and penetrated the heart of any listener; but the young princess Roserana had scarcely breathed out her name at the close

of her petition, and the prince ceased to hear the spell-binding strain of that heaven-tuned voice, when she saw him disappear from the battlements, and in the next instant found him by her side. Need the remainder of her tale be repeated here!—He led her into his mother's bower.—He loved the maiden; and was comforted for the virgin bride he had seen laid in the earth in all her youthful beauty. But happiness did not make Trathal forget the wretched. He became king, soon after his nuptials with the Irish princess: he could not, therefore, pass to her country himself, but he had a brother, who might be his noble substitute; “the pride of valour throughout woody Morven.” His name was Conn; then known every where, as the most consummate of heroes, not only in the kingdom of his fathers, but from shore to shore of the whole land. The Picts raised their dykes, to oppose his chastisement of their frays, in vain; and the “strangers of Rome,” poured their legions against his array of shields, even as the waves of the sea dash on the immovable rock, and fall back again.—Him, the young king of Morven summoned from a hunting in Glenfinlass, to gather his warriors together, and lead them across the deep, to the avenging of their kinsman’s blood, and the captivity of his affianced bride. The usurper had sought her, as the tiger woos his mate, to become his; but she had resisted, with such abhorrence of his advances, that in revenge he confined her in a lonely chamber on the summit of the beltane tower at Tara. Conn listened to the tale of outrage, and buckled on his armour.—Roscrana had told it; and, with a gladdened heart, she saw her husband’s valiant brother walk down the strand, at the head of his brave followers, to take ship for her ravaged land. She stood looking out from an arrow-crennel, in the turret of her chamber. It was a fine evening, and the sun had just set. His bark, with his chosen chiefs, was to lead the van; and smaller vessels, which seemed unnumbered, were to follow with the faithful, rougher sons of the full battle array.

Soon are the ship’s broad sails unfurl’d;
Her streamers proud, are hoisted soon;
And all, amid the wat’ry world,
They float beneath the ev’ning moon!

And for the prince himself, he stands at the prow of his bark, with straining looks towards the shore of his enterprize.

And now the hills of Erin rise,
Empurpled o'er the silver main;
Now o'er the surge the vessel flies,
And objects near, and fade again.
Soft, as afar, in dawn-light shine
The towers, the trees, the vale profound;
The cliff-crowned beach, the pendant pine,
And all the sylvan regions round.
But when day's earliest breezes, strong,
Blew freshly o'er each eager cheek,
With springing step, the surf among,
The silent shore the warrior's seek.

* * * * *
Cautious they press the mossy sod,
While shadowy on Glen-Tara green,
The towers of Cairbar's dread abode
Through dark ravines are dimly seen.
* * * * *
Broke from sad slumber's cold embrace,
The captive maid awakes to prayer,
Grief melts like vapour from her face,
And hope, bright hope, alone is there!

For she had looked out from the window of her prison, and beheld the armed files of her rescuers approaching; led on, too, by the hero of Morven; whom she recognised, not only by the banner of his country, but by the superior nobleness of his appearance.

The mountain eagle's martial plume,
Among his raven-tresses sighs;
And o'er his cheek's bright, manly bloom,
Streams the dark lustre of his eyes!

Those eyes soon met her's, as she leaned from the turret; and the sword he kissed, while kneeling for a moment at the tower base, and therefore at her feet, gave her the pledge "that he was come to set her free!" I will not follow our bard through the warlike details, of how the warrior redeemed his gage; and, finally, lost his heart to the beautiful sufferer, for whom he drew the sword. Suffice it to say, that Conn was accustomed to victory. The Firbolg, and all their adherents, fell before his arms in numerous encounters.—He took the young Milesian princess from her thraldom, espoused her himself; and having with his own hand slain the usurper

of the Irish throne, was crowned himself, in the great hall of the Tara palace.—There he lived, and reigned, with increasing renown, for many years; and at last died, with the magnificent title of “Conn of the hundred battles.”—From him descended all of the princely name of O’Conn, or O’Connor.—He was succeeded in his throne by his son, Cormac O’Connor.

This monarch became even more generally celebrated than his martial father.—Every species of record amongst us, oral, traditionary, or written, speak largely of the splendour of his court, of the valour of his sons, of the beauty and chastity of his ten daughters; and, of the cogency of his laws, and the wonderous discipline of his armies. The latter held the Firbolg princes in awe; keeping them, even under tribute, behind the dykes of their own frontiers.—But after a glorious and happy reign, Cornsac was “gathered to his fathers,” full of years and honours. Lifficar his son, quietly inherited the diadem. He also shewed himself equally the heir of its demanded virtues, and died at his appointed time, in peace. Artho, his son and successor, trod the same truly royal path; but dying of a sudden illness, left his kingdom to the minor hand of his son Cormac; who, being little more than fifteen years of age, seemed an easy prey to the ambition of his tributary neighbours, and, accordingly, the princes of the Firbolg made instant irruptions into his territory. Unprepared for these treacherous invasions, the Serfs were massacred, and the land ravaged.

At this juncture, Fingal, the grandson of Trathal, king of Morven, and the fair Roscrana, became noted for his deeds of arms; but with the rare glory of a protecting, rather than a merely conquering warrior. This is the distinction that makes the difference between the true hero, and the spoil-hunting robber. No, my friend; it is not the coat of mail, the sword, the shield, the battle, and the victory, that constitutes the heroic name of him, from such of whom I date my blood! It is the justice of the cause that arms him; the sincerity with which it is embraced; the firmness by which it is defended. Love to mankind, the spirit of protection, then gives the sword; and honour grasps it, to the death! This principle, in every age, was what distinguished the gentleman from the ignorant, and therefore commonly selfish

vulgar; and this principle makes the hero. Fingal, the deserved theme of many an epic song, was a warrior after this stamp. And receiving information of his kinsman, the young monarch of Ireland's distress, he crossed over to the island with his valiant host, and prepared to assail the walls which imprisoned the unfortunate Cormac; but the prince was treacherously put to death, on the very day the Caledonian hero landed. What he had failed to prevent, he, however, determined to avenge; and in that deed of justice, executed both on the usurper and his vile instruments, free the people from the yoke of a band of tyrants. His first movement, was to attack the Firbolg chief of the invasion, in the frontier fortress of his new dominions. Success crowned the enterprise; for after a succession of defeats and flights of the discomfited assassin, he, and all his adherents, fell before the swords of the Caledonians; and Fingal, their leader, had the triumph of placing the brother of the late murdered sovereign on the rescued throne. During his minority, the brave king of Morven either protected him occasionally in person, or sent over from Caledonia, those amongst his near kindred most renowned for wisdom as well as valour; and, when in process of time, the young monarch took the reins in his own hands, then, I may say, the glory of our race, shone brightest round his head. He had been educated, not by hirelings and parasites, in palace security and indulgence—adversity, was the school of his boyhood; and the teachers of his mind, men of a rank too independant to flatter for favour; too wisely aware of the general advantage of a really well-judging sovereign, to permit one vice to keep root, which their precepts and example could eradicate from his yet tender mould; and the result was happily proportionate to the pains they had bestowed.

Written testimony beareth witness, that by the liberal and enlightened spirit of this prince, the character of that part of the nation under his sway became gradually ameliorated.—His piercing genius penetrated through the misguiding superstitions of the druids; and, by driving them, and their dreadful rites into exile, he, even unconsciously, was the instrument of opening a path for the admission of rational religion, and its divine consummation—the doctrine of Christianity. Leogaire, a worthy descendant of such a sovereign, was pa-

ramount king of Ireland, when St. Patrick landed in our island. He welcomed, not only the holy man, but his doctrines; and appointed him lands for his devout companions. Amazed, and grateful for such a reception from a people, who had been considered on the continent as hardly better than savages, dispatches were sent to the bishop of Rome, describing this far western isle with all the enthusiasm of wonder and delight.—Crowds of ardent adventurers, monks, artisans, and agriculturists, thronged towards this newly discovered “garden of the blest!” Leogaire was gracious to all; bestowing on these civilizing colonies, those vast tracts in his country, which former intestine disputes had depopulated.—Even the monks, invited to form settlements in those lands, assisted to cultivate the soil with their own hands; literally causing “the desert to blossom as the rose.” Disciples, from amongst the natives, collected round them from every quarter; and colleges were soon founded, in which not only the youth of the island received education, but all who came on such an errand from the most distant country. It was from the college of Armagh, that the two celebrated Caledonian saints, Columba and Oran, passed over to the Hebrides, to redeem the wild inhabitants from the waste of intellect, as well as to teach them how to spread their barren rocks with verdure. And, in after times, the venerable Bede relates, that about the seventh century, many of the greatest amongst the Anglo-Saxon nobles, crossed to Ireland on visits of instruction. Thus, the favoured spot, where no venomous creature can enter and live, at that period seemed gifted with the sacred boon, to extract the poison of ignorance also, from all who touched her shores.”

Just as I had read to myself the last sentence, and pausing in the narrative, was musing on the extraordinary changes in the history of a people so charactered, the sound of heavy hurried steps approaching roughly on the other side of the ruins, made me start from my seat; but the dialogue which immediately broke on my ear from the same quarter, evidently by two persons in great wrath with each other, arrested my attention, and I remained where I was. The one voice was that of a woman, which I soon recognised to be that of the old cottage attendant of the lord of the ruins; the other speaker seemed to be a young English soldier. I listened, to watch

the issue of the dispute, and if need be, to terminate it with satisfaction to all parties. Turn the page, my friend, and you shall read the curious, characteristic dialogue.

S. S.

(To be continued.)

CANINE SAGACITY.

THE ensuing wonderful instance of animal instinct has recently appeared in a newspaper published in the town where the circumstance is said to have occurred. The facts reported may recal to the mind of the reader the story of Androcles and the Lion, related by Dion Cassius, a translation of whose narrative may be found in the *Guardian*.

"A short time ago, a pointer dog called at the shop of Mr. Lancaster, chemist and druggist, in Kirkgate, Leeds, where he had often been before, and walking on three legs, held up one of his fore paws, in which he had received some injury. The foot was dressed, and the dog, wagging his tail, retired. But afterwards he attended every day for some time, and was punctual to the hour at which he first came. He couched and mourned when pained by an operation, but never manifested any disposition to bite. The dog, after he had found out the benefit to be derived from medical skill, brought another dog along with him. On entering the shop, he found it already occupied by patients of a different description; and they waited till a suitable opportunity presented itself, when Don, (the old pointer), used every means to allure his companion into the shop, and ultimately succeeded. When the Doctor came, Don, to explain his errand, held up his own paw, (although now quite recovered,) and touched his companion's nose; which induced Mr. Lancaster to examine the new invalid, when he found that he had received a thorn in his foot. He also regularly attended till he recovered. Don has ever since continued to manifest his gratitude by calling to visit his doctor; and will never leave the place without seeing him. On one occasion, when Mr. Lancaster was from home, the dog actually stayed in the house all the night; and immediately on his appearance, next day, he wagged his tail, and ran off."

SCENES IN THE EAST.

(Continued from page 312, Vol. XXI.)

ARMENIA.

HAVING in due time passed on from the capital of the Ottoman Moslem, in my way farther eastward, towards that of the royal head of the Ali-mahometans, I proceeded along the southern shores of the Black-sea; and, as one of the most interesting countries in my subsequent track, shall open my tablets in Armenia.—Part of this long celebrated land, rendered famous, both by sacred and profane history, lies now under the sway of the Turk; part, under that of Persia; and part is abandoned to a wild race of native mountaineers, called Courds, who, like the lawless Arab of the desert, have “a hand against every man.”—Hence, every traveller in certain districts here, is obliged to hire an escort; fierce indeed, as the men they may have to oppose, and under whose rough guard he proceeds in proportioned safety through vast ambushed forests, and over caverned-heights, teeming with an aboriginal banditti, untameable as their mountain storms. It is one of the formidable entrances into this sublime country, I am now going to present to you; and it is called by the villagers about, by the fearful name of

THE FATAL PASS OF SAGANLOO.

Our road had lain for some time over a populous and fertile plain, till, on reaching its eastern boundary, we entered the dreaded region.—A sort of wilderness, in nature's grandest, wildest forms. At this commencing spot, my escort sat down; took some refreshment from a natural fountain in the rock, and loaded their carbines. We then plunged manfully into the depths of the scene. Every object was of the most magnificent description.—A long winding valley, ascending amongst the steeps of bold, craggy, and picturesque mountains, which opened variously, into narrow, deep, and apparently interminable defiles, while their overhanging, or receding brows, and stupendously perpendicular sides, were every where covered with forests; some towering aloft, mingling their dark branches with the hovering clouds; others, pendent over yawning gulfs, and interlacing each others stems and boughs, in the most romantic

and extraordinary manner. But all this luxuriant vegetation, and, I may say, beautiful intricacy of avenues, form the terror of travellers, by leading to the remoter regions of the mountains where the banditti lurk; and from which they can start at a thousand unsuspected points, secure of retreat amongst their well-known thickets. At noon we attained the summit of the pass.—All the surrounding heights, like those we had just climbed, were covered with similar labyrinths of wood. Our course now bent to the southward, the long and deep descent from which was to bring us down to our night's lodging. When we had gained the extreme upward point, a glorious mountain view, thus diadem'd with nature's sylvan crowns, spread before us; and amidst the green openings, between the immense piles of herbage-fringed rock, we saw the winding river Araxes, glittering in the sun.—But I had hardly enjoyed this expanded scene twenty minutes, when it was changed at once, by my suddenly finding myself entering, as it were, into the very body of the mountain, and where we soon became encaverned in the most terrific stony ravines; sometimes wandering amidst successions of enormous shadowy chasms, then diverging, and partially ascending again, amongst defiles of the rudest craggs; here, lost under beetling cliffs, in almost total darkness; there, issuing out on the brink of precipices so high, that nothing but an eagle's wing seemed likely ever to bear us thence. When we reached the verge of one of those dizzy promontories, I was told our place for the night's repose might be descried; and when I looked down, surely a more perfect picture for the pencil of Salvator Rosa, could not be seen. It was a once formidable object,

THE FORTRESS OF MAZENGUTT.

An immense savage rock, rose from the bottom of the huge mountain-chasm; standing, indeed, in a kind of solitary majesty, and crested with the remains of strong walls and towers; which, as I mentioned before, had been, in former times, the fastness of a notorious race of robber-chiefs; and certainly none could have been better chosen. Our promised quarters, literally a village under ground, lay close to the base of the fortress-rock. But such is the style throughout the whole of this wild country—The principal part of the abodes is absolutely

dug out of the earth, so that hardly more than their dingy roofs, like dirty little hillocks, are seen above the surface.—Within, the dwelling itself appears a gloomy den, lit from the roof by a hole, much resembling the one in its side, through which the proprietors crawl on their hands and knees.—Men, women, children, and cattle, all house together. The sun had set by the time we got down to this non-inviting caravansary; we dismounted at the roofs of the village, and on entering, found a crowd, and a heat, almost to suffocation. The inmates were Turks, Persians, Courds, journeying all in various directions.—Our refreshment, in common with them, was coffee and pipes; for to lay down to rest in so thronged an apartment, was next to impossible. Familiarity amongst these unlettered savages seemed the custom of the place; and, one of them, in a rough jocose manner, volunteered an air on a sort of guitar, the very aspect of which gave sufficient hint of the hideous din it was to send forth; and its whole music consisted of scratching its wires with a piece of quill. A dead silence of attending admiration, accompanied the musician's instrumental strains for a few minutes, when suddenly he burst forth into a vociferous bawling, yelling, and growling, like a caged menagerie of wild beasts; for the whole barbarous brotherhood in the place joined in the stunning chorus. Morning, to my great joy, broke in the midst of the repeated concert, and I made my escape; but my rugged messmates of the night swarmed out after me, and I had yet to bid them a civil farewell. Savagely rude as their aspects were in the gloomy souterrain, the turn-out of the party, grouping with the desert scenery around, seemed yet more ferocious and appalling. Spears, round shields, knives, pistols, with other accoutrements, ancient and modern, completed the array of the courdian horsemen; while the pale sun, gleaming from a stormy sky on the burnish of their arms, and dark countenances, shewed deep characters of the practised ruffian in the iron furrows of their cheeks. They reined back their spirited animals, as my escort shook hands with some of them, and prepared to mount their own beasts. The ruined fortress of the robber-chief, rose immediately over them, grey, fissured, and under the vast shadow of the higher mountain; forming, altogether, a living picture of bold and savage objects, so mingled with the grandest combinations in nature, that I can never

forget the scene. We started soon after sun-rise, and having crossed the great abyss of Mazengutt, began to ascend another mountain-world. But this august assemblage of nature's vastest materials expanded to even a terrible sublimity, when we approached yet a higher region, where some tremendous convulsion of the earth seemed to have rent its granite piles, with more than ordinary horrors. Heights, and depths, and yawning darkness, affrighted the eye in our advance; and, as evening came on, the glooms of twilight added to the natural blackness of the mountain recesses, by confusing the outline of objects with its shadows. About an hour and a half after sun-set, brought us into the forest-plain of a very extensive valley, encircled by wooded heights. I had traversed many sylvan tracks, but never before saw such gigantic trees as here; so apparently an impenetrable, eternal depth of wood on wood. We rode on, and on, till the darkness of shade, and of closing night together, seemed to shut out all other observation. But we turned the pine-covered promontory of a valley, and beheld a scene of most terrible sublimity.—

A FOREST ON FIRE!

All the surrounding horizon was perfectly black, excepting at the point, or rather the long-stretching space, where the flames blazed up with the appearance of volcanic eruptions; which also throwing a red light over objects to a vast distance, increased the horror of the prospect. We were approaching it.—The wind, too, was roaring amongst the thick groves around ourselves; and to its fury, might in part, be ascribed the wide mischief before us. One of my escort explained the probable origin of the scene.—Travellers, wood-cutters, or banditti, having lit some of the felled trees for their temporary bivouac, often neglect to extinguish them, when they go away; or, it sometimes happens, that even while sleeping in apparent security around these woodland fires, some sudden rising of the wind spreads the flame to the nearest over-shading branches, and the tremendous consequence ensues, on which we were then gazing with appalled admiration. Perhaps, I then saw, burning in cruel waste, some hundreds of the finest trees in Asia! Turning into a close ravine, we lost even the faintest gleam of the devastating fire, and heard before us the dash of a cataract, and then the long rush of its river-stream over the

chasm rocks. It was now perfectly dark; hence we could only imagine, or feel our way. We had no moon; and so weak a light at intervals shot, in the openings of the defile, from the stars, it seemed rather to increase than lessen our perplexity; raising, indeed, the stupendous objects we had to ascend, in precipitous piles to the clouds; and deepening the declivities we must attempt, in gulfs of unfathomable depths.—The silent stillness of all around, excepting the regular tread of our horses' feet up the stony way, and the distant roar of the waters, added solemnity, to the wild peril of our expedition. Indeed, I am sure of the fact, that we then ascended steeps, and passed along ledges of rock scarcely wide enough to admit a single horse; and on the brink of precipices so terrifically high, that in broad day-light I should not have dared even to set my foot. How our animals accomplished the task, must ever be a wonder. I committed myself entirely to my horse, never touching his bridle; being well aware that such reliance on his practice in such paths was my only means of safety.—The animal then feels due confidence in himself, from his head being free; but the smallest check improperly given, never fails bringing him to the ground; and, on such a road, a fall would be destruction. The dawning of morning gave us heaven's eye, visible. All night, it was certainly our unseen protection; and, guided by the light, in sensible security we threaded the continued mazes of the mountains, till they brought us to the vast rocky valley of

THE SEVEN CHURCHES.

A valley of the most remote and silent solitude; a pile of the most wondrous appearance; cloven out of the very heart of the mountain; and raising its sacred fane, amidst huge sculptured ruins and graves, whose mouldered inhabitants must have long mingled with their parent dust—their names, forgotten; their monuments, no more! but I proceed to the curious details of this once place of Christian rites, in this now almost infidel land; and, when I entered beneath the first porch, I saw an object of surprise indeed; a woman, and a beautiful one too, and in an English dress, kneeling alone, before the forsaken altar.

D.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD BACHELOR.

No. VI.

"The new-made widow too I've sometimes spy'd—
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead :
Listless she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye ;
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lowly grave of the dear man
She drops : While busy meddling memory,
The past endearment of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf ;
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way."

BLAIR'S GRAVE.

THE direct evils of wedlock, the crosses, inconveniences, and miseries of the matrimonial state, are, in general, produced by human folly, or vice; and are therefore to be remedied or removed only by making man and womankind wiser and better. But there are contingent evils, to which persons united by conjugal ties are exposed, and from which the single are exempt, which from their nature admit of no relief nor evasion, but must be borne as a part of the common lot of humanity. Of these, the greatest and most inevitable, is the separation of a wedded pair by death. A husband and wife, sincerely attached to each other, will feel with double force the stroke of mortality. The first victim to the king of terrors suffers not alone: the pangs of parting are, as it were, reflected from the bosom of the faithful consort. And the miseries they occasion, are multiplied, instead of devided, by being shared.

The sentiments of a dying husband are delineated with much feeling and simplicity in the following sonnet, written by Tebaldeo, an Italian poet of the sixteenth century.

Parte del' alma mia, caro consorte,
Che vivrai dopo me qualch' anno ancora,
Se vuoi che in pace ed in quiete io mora,
Tempra tanto dolor sfrenato e forte.

Il vederti attristar m'e doppia morte ;
E se pur pianger vuoi, deh fa dimora
Tanto che'l spirto se ne voli fuora.
Ch' esser già per uscir sento a le porte,

Al mio partir sol ti dimando un dono ;
 Che servi fede al nostro casto letto
 Che in la mia verde età freddo abbandono.
 E perchè accade pur qualche dispetto
 Tra consorti talor; chieggono perdono.
 Io vo; rimanti in pace; in ciel t'aspetto*.

The strength of conjugal attachments is liable to be modified by a multitude of accidental circumstances; but it can never be correctly estimated except in times and countries in which law and public opinion leave the mind unfettered by custom or prejudice. In England, no man is obliged, like Sir Samuel Romilly, to sacrifice himself, as it were, on the tomb of his deceased consort; such cases therefore prove the existence of unbounded affection, overwhelming every other passion and feeling of the mind.--But among nations where polygamy is customary, and where consequently pure connubial love can rarely, if ever, be found, practices occur which imply a general acknowledgement of the indissolubility of marriage contracts. Nothing can more strikingly illustrate this position than the custom among the higher castes of Hindoos, which stigmatises with disgrace and contempt the widow who survives the funeral of her husband. She who thus bids defiance to public opinion, loses her rank in society, and is regarded in the family in which she is permitted to reside as no better than a menial or a slave. This national feeling sufficiently accounts for the self-devotion of Hindoo relicts; as it leaves them only the option of foregoing all the comforts and decencies of life, or of sacrificing life to the acquisition of respect and admiration.

Father Martin, a Jesuit missionary in the East-Indies, in the early part of the last century, has given a very curious and interesting account of the ceremonies practised at the obsequies of the Indian prince of Marava. The letter from which this narrative is taken is to be found in "Recueil xiii. des Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses, écrîtes des Missions Etrangères, par quelques Missionnaires de la Compagnie de JESUS."

* The beauties of this sonnet cannot fail to strike those who are familiar with Italian literature. It is published in the original, with the hope that some correspondent of the Ladies' Monthly Museum may favour its readers with a translation worthy of the subject.

"The prince of Marava dying in the year 1710, at the age of eighty, his wives, who were forty-seven in number, were burnt with the body of the deceased. For this purpose, a large pit was dug without the city, and filled with a pile of wood, on which was placed the corpse of the prince, richly dressed. After the Bramins had performed a number of superstitious ceremonies, the pile was lighted. Then appeared the troop of unhappy women, who, like victims destined for sacrifice, approached, covered with precious stones, and crowned with flowers. They passed several times round the burning pile, the heat of which could be felt at a considerable distance. The chief of these women then grasping the poignard of the defunct, thus addressed the Prince who succeeded to the throne: 'Behold the poignard of the prince, with which he triumphed over his enemies: employ it in the same manner, and beware how you bathe it in the blood of your subjects. Govern them as a father, after the example of your predecessor; and may you live long and happily as he did. He is gone, and nothing ought to detain me from following him.' Thus speaking, she placed the poignard in the hands of the prince, who received it, without displaying any symptoms of sorrow or compassion. 'Alas,' added she, 'what is the amount of human felicity? I perceive that I am going to precipitate myself alive into hell!' Then turning her head hastily towards the pile, and invoking the names of her gods, she leaped into the midst of the flames.

The second of these victims was the sister of a Hindoo Rajah, named Tondaman, who was present at this detestable ceremony. When he received from the hands of his sister the jewels with which she was adorned, he could not restrain his tears, and throwing his arms round her neck, he tenderly embraced her. She seemed by no means affected by his distress; but looking steadfastly on the pile and on the bystanders, and crying with a loud voice, 'Sheeva, Sheeva!' which is one of the denominations of the god Rutren, she rushed into the fire like the first.

The others followed immediately; some with a steadfast and bold countenance, and some with an air of agitation and distress. One of them, more timid than her companions,

laid hold of a Christian soldier, who was present, and entreated him to save her. The man, who in spite of severe prohibitions, had rashly attended the ceremony, was so frightened, that he unconsciously pushed away the miserable woman, with such force that she fell headlong into the flames. The soldier, shocked at what had happened, was seized with a shivering fit, followed by a frenzy fever, which occasioned his death.

The last words uttered by the first of these women, on her apprehension of falling alive into hell, surprised all who were present. The expression originated in the circumstance of her having had in her service a female Christian, who had often discoursed to her on the great truths of religion, and exhorted her to embrace Christianity. She had become sensible of its importance, but had not acquired courage to renounce the worship of her native deities. Thus friendly to the true faith, the sight of the flames which were about to consume her, recalled to her mind the discourses of her Christian slave about the punishments of hell.

Whatever intrepidity might be displayed by these victims of a demoniac custom, they no sooner felt the torment of the fire than they uttered fearful shrieks, and throwing themselves one over another, rolled towards the bottom of the pit. A quantity of wood was cast in to overwhelm them and feed the devouring element. When the bodies were consumed, the Bramins approached the smoking pile, and performed over the hot ashes a multitude of ceremonies not less superstitious than the former. On the morrow they collected the bones and cinders, and having inclosed them in rich silks, carried them to the island of Ramasura and threw them into the sea. The pit was then filled up, and a temple was afterwards built over it, where sacrifices were offered daily, in honour of the prince and his wives, who were thenceforth numbered among the national deities."

LETTERS FROM A NORTHUMBERLAND CURATE.

No. X.

*(Continued from page 332, Vol. XXI.)***To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.****Sir,**

THE letter of my friend Jones, as found in your last number, cannot, I am certain, be perused by any man of a generous and liberal mind, without conciliating his esteem and good opinion for the writer, especially when he is assured that the feelings it must excite are only those which an intimate acquaintance of above fifty years have abundantly confirmed. Such men redeem the character of our common nature from the obloquy under which it has fallen by the misconduct and profligacy of too many, even among the better taught. I am, however, now to detail facts, and not opinions; I therefore proceed to state, that, relieved from the oppression of mind under which I had long laboured, I began in earnest to consider what plans I should adopt for my future welfare. It appeared to myself, as well as to my friends, that no plan could be adopted more respectable in itself, or better suited to my education and habits, than to embark in the

“Delightful task! to rear the infant mind
And teach the young idea how to shoot.”

I therefore took a suitable residence, and having announced my intention to my friends, soon found myself so patronized as to have not less than twenty pupils immediately entered on my books. A house full of pupils, however, it must be recollect, would have been very incompletely provided for without a presiding female; I therefore, ere long, married a young woman of a respectable family and some trifling independence. I had become accidentally acquainted with her in one of my Oxford rambles; and in a thoughtless moment having professed love for her, sought her hand in marriage; and having obtained her father's consent, I deemed myself pledged to the fulfilment of my promise. You will recollect, that there was one to whom I was pledged by more solemn obligations than those of law; absence, however, had destroyed the in-

tensity of my affection: and, for a season, I continued to satisfy my scruples that, as no explanation had ever formally taken place between us, so I might, perhaps, have misconstrued her real feelings. The die, however, was now cast. Right or wrong, I determined to introduce my lady to my family, by whom she was politely, if not affectionately, received. Inconsiderate marriages are seldom productive of any thing save bitter remorse, nor was mine any exception to this general rule. My wife was fortunately of a domestic turn; she regulated her house with order and with care; economy pervaded every branch of its administration; in fact, a better house-keeper could not be. She was not, however, a help meet for me. Her education had been totally neglected; she could not converse on literary topics, though naturally a woman of good sense and deep penetration; her manners were plain and simple, but they wanted the grace and polish which good company can alone impart.

Our tempers, unfortunately, did not harmonize; but as the die was now irrevocably cast, we compromised matters between us; each consenting to differ without dissention. This understanding prevented open and public discord, but it was not the harmony of married life. My pupils and my books now engrossed a double portion of my care; the former were advancing rapidly in their respective studies, and I was daily more engrossed in literary speculations, when an unforeseen event gave a new turn to my prospects and my life. The late Lord B— was the proprietor of the village in which I resided; his landed property was very extensive, embracing the whole of the adjacent country; his political influence was, therefore at this time great; in fact, he possessed the nomination of one member for the county, as well as that for two neighbouring boroughs. His lordship was a man of highly cultivated mind; well read in literature; a patron of letters; and, from having filled stations of importance at foreign courts, was regarded as a very great man, even among the great. His conversation was lively, easy, and free from affectation; his manners of the most urbane and polished nature possible. But with all these recommendations, he was still, in my view, a pitiable person. Intercourse with foreign courts had corrupted his morals; his political principles were inclined to tyranny; and in religion he was an absolute Deist. Having

obtained ordination as the Curate of the parish in which his lordship resided, frequent opportunities were thereby afforded me of personal communication with him. As I resolved never to compromise my creed in compliment to his presence, I preached with faithfulness against every vice to which his lordship was supposed to be addicted, insomuch that it soon became whispered in the village, that I was personally hostile to him. To obviate such a suspicion, I sought admittance at the Castle, and with that frankness which was natural to me as an inexperienced man, I endeavoured to convince my lord that nothing but a sense of duty could induce me to touch on topics that might, by any possibility, be offensive to him; and that my sacred character forbade me to pass over the vices of the great, to exhibit all my zeal in correcting the errors of the poor. I embraced the opportunity of the interview to suggest to his lordship how far his opinions and conduct were conformable to his profession of Christianity; and I did not hesitate to remind him of the approach of that day when the consolations of piety were alone able to bear up the mind, and to impart tranquillity and peace to the dying pillow. It is but justice to record, that, my opinions and counsel being considered as professionally correct, I was dismissed from the Castle with an intimation that the disclosure of them had not given offence. That this declaration might not be thought the language of politeness only, his lordship soon after appointed me his domestic Chaplain. At this time a general election took place; and the principles of civil liberty and independence threatened to destroy his lordship's influence in the county. Having by long residence in it, and by my connexion with Lord B. some influence in my parish, I was required to exert it in favour of my Lord's nominee. Attached, as I conscientiously was, to independent political principles, I could not receive this order, though tendered in the shape of a request, without regret. Compliance with it was impossible. I therefore hastened to the castle, and expressed my scruples as to the propriety or right of interference with any man in the use of his elective privilege; at all events, I felt that, as a clergyman, it would be unwise and impolitic to mix myself up with the angry spirit and temper of a contested election. From this day forward, no means were left untried to render my situation painful and unpleasant.—Complaint was made

to the Bishop of innovation on my part—that I had imitated the Methodists in the establishment of an evening service—had introduced various alterations, under the plea of reformation; and that, in fact, I was better suited to the meridian of **Dissent**, than to the moderate and orthodox temperature of the **Established Church**. As the living was at this time under sequestration, my removal was soon effected, the Bishop deeming the charges of a nobleman unnecessary to be confirmed by proof or investigation. Deprived of my cure, I yet resided in the village, daily experiencing the good opinion and respect of my poor neighbours, as well as the scorn and cold neglect of all connected with the castle.

The election took place; his Lordship's interest prevailed; and, one more pensioner St. Stephen gained.—A young man, of no acquirements, but of fiery zeal, the son of a neighbouring lawyer, who had materially assisted the successful candidate at the hustings, was now, unexpectedly ordained, under his Lordship's patronage, to the curacy; and by a course of time-serving servility, rendered himself so great a favourite with the Earl, that, on the death of the incumbent, within six months, I had the mortification to find him presented to the living; although my long services as curate, and the almost unanimous petition of the parish, to the Bishop, pointed me out as no unworthy candidate. Disappointed and disgusted, I resigned my school, and with my wife, withdrew to solitude and privacy, to mourn over the corruptions and servility even of an **Established Church**. Here I remained till my wife's death depriving me of her annuity, I found myself under the necessity of exertion in order to my support. I soon repaired to London, and became an occupant of a third floor in Ivy-lane; where I worked both early and late for the booksellers, in editing, translating, and correcting MSS. for which I duly received scarcely the amount of my lodging expences.

In this way I passed nearly two years of my life, when one of my employers put into my hands a large MS. on military tactics, the production of a certain Irish nobleman, holding a high rank in the British army; the consequence of powerful parliamentary interest, and not the reward either of valour or military science. I was to correct the manuscript thoroughly; verify the quotations, examine the original of all translated passages, and, in fact, to re-write the whole, if ne-

cessary. For this, if well done, I was promised ample remuneration. To work, therefore, I went with zeal and spirit, and after six months hard fagging, produced the work in its amended and altered state. Now, thought I, my efforts and my merit will meet ample remuneration—I therefore frequently called in the Row to ascertain what my prize should be; but without success, till one day, I accidentally met my Lord D—— in the shop. I no sooner heard his name, than I stated to him that, with a view to execute his wishes by a speedy revision of his MS. I had neglected every thing else; that my wants proceeded in regular urgency, and that if convenient to manifest his promised ample remuneration, a portion of it, however small, would be then most acceptable. His lordship, bowing most politely, assured me my application should meet immediate consideration; but, alas! day after day passed on, without reward, or prospect of reward. Urged by real necessity, I applied personally, at his lordship's residence, when I was referred, verbally, to the bookseller in the Row.—The result of all which was, I received £30 for my labour,—his lordship reaping the credit, and the bookseller the profit, of the work.

Dissatisfied and dispirited by my ill fortune, I again sought an appointment in the Church, and after some time obtained the curacy of St. Michael Q——, in Thames-street. Here I was hardly settled, and began to cultivate a personal acquaintance with my parishioners, when my rector dying, I was immediately discharged by the new incumbent, *sans ceremonie*, without a week's notice.

Thus again unsettled, I visited my brother Jones's family, together with my own aged parents. Several years had now passed since we met, and I had become almost an alien to them.

I had, Mr. Editor, intended to have closed the narrative of my earthly pilgrimage, hitherto, in your present number; but having some circumstances, which I should be unwilling to pass over altogether, or only briefly to narrate, I must beg a corner in your next number, which will be the last intrusion of

Your's, &c.

A NORTHUMBERLAND CURATE.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-EIGHT,
IN IRELAND.

(Concluded from page 336, Vol. XXI.)

AFTER the events of the preceding night, when the minds of the townsmen had regained somewhat of their tranquillity, many an anxious personal enquiry, respecting their relatives and friends, would have been instituted, if the local authorities permitted. The fact, however, was, that the various reports of the prisoners left so much uncertainty as to the future intentions of the rebels, that the utmost caution was needful lest the attack should have been renewed in a moment of unpreparedness. Martial law, therefore, in all its rigour, was still in force. Nothing, certainly, but the deepest necessity could have justified its continuance in a free state. It not only operated against the comforts and conveniences of men, but it even destroyed the charities of domestic life. On this fatal morning an instance of its severity and rigour occurred which, on every reflection, fills the mind with horror and pain. An opposite neighbour of mine whose aged mother lived within a dozen doors of him, anxious to enquire after his venerable parent and an infant child of his own under her charge, proceeded to the old lady's dwelling without erasing his name from his own house list, and inserting it on his mother's. At this very moment a guard was proceeding down the street, when the door of my neighbour's house being found open, and enquiry made where he was, he was immediately apprehended, and doomed to instant death. It was in vain he pleaded the real facts of the case, and that his stay was unthinkingly prolonged, in consequence of his mother's leg having been shattered by a ball as it entered her chamber, during the attack of the preceding night. The law was violated, and the exigency of the moment left no opportunity for enquiry or investigation. I saw the poor unfortunate man dragged from his mother's dwelling, and instantly shot without its door. Such are some of the scenes and sufferings produced

by civil war. In no instance do I ever recollect the truth of Cicero's axiom more truly verified; *Summum jus, says the Roman orator, summa injuria.*

On the following day the Dublin mail arrived in due course, attended by a very strong escort of cavalry. It was charged with dispatches of the first consequence; and to prevent accident or delay, orders were forwarded from the Castle to the various commanding officers on its route, to aid in every possible arrangement for their safe delivery at Cork. It so happened that from local connexion I accompanied the mail on this occasion. Nothing worthy of record occurred until we arrived at Kilkenny, when having applied to Gen. Sir John Doyle for an escort, the veteran replied that the rebel army was in such force that no troops that he could spare would be of any avail. We, however, obtained fifty cavalry, with whom we proceeded, without fear or casualty, till we arrived at a long chain of mountainous country lying between Cork and Kilkenny. This district, is one vast wild, intersected by deep ravines, or bold mountain hills, over which the road winds for several miles. No trace of cultivation, or even of human nature, is to be found; save where, in some sheltered dell, the desolation of the country is relieved by some scattered cabins, with their adjacent gardens. On the right as we passed over the most elevated mountain in the whole range, we distinctly perceived, in the distance, the whole body of the rebel army, occupying a very extended encampment in the valley beneath. Although it was now midnight, the watch fires, as they, ever and anon, blazed with renovated ardour, threw a light over the whole tract of country, which rendered every thing visible. We could plainly descry their whole position; whilst the watch-word, as pronounced by the respective sentries, came floating to us on the dull cold ear of night. It was now midnight, and every heart was full of 'melancholy musing' on the scene before us, when a sudden discharge of musquetry in our rear threw us all into confusion and fear. The firing once commenced, was kept up with but little interval, till we arrived at a part of the road where it was determined to make a stand. Our escort here scoured the country in every direction: but were unable to do more than fire at random. The rebels, like the cossacks of Russia, or the gue-

rillas of Spain, hanging on our flanks and rear, annoyed us greatly till the break of day brought us repose. Our troops suffered little but excessive harrassment. On our arrival at Cork, we found that the non-arrival of the mail for the last three days, had occasioned distressing fears. The entrance over the bridge into Patrick-street was defended by barriers, behind which were placed several pieces of heavy artillery. Each approach to the town was guarded by similar precaution and vigilance; whilst the yeomanry were brigaded with the regulars and militia, ready to take the field.

In this state of constant apprehension, and consequent perplexity and trouble, all who could do so, with any convenience, or by any means, sought a shelter in England. My own family had, for nearly two months previously, found in Bristol the needful security and repose: I therefore soon followed, anxiously desirous to escape, with even the wreck of my former property, and to enjoy, in comparative indigence, the little which heaven had left me of former opulence and comfort.

The calls of duty, and the claims of patriotism, after a short retreat, once more invited me to my native isle. I there witnessed, in their full harvest of misery, ruin, and desolation, the sad effects of anarchy and rebellion. I could relate scenes of cold-blooded, savage ferocity, at the bare recital of which, the heart would sicken.—I could tell of property wasted, villages depopulated, families ruined, from no motive but wanton mischief and a restless spirit. No doubt much of oppression and poverty prevailed; but to whatever cause we are to attribute the first impulse, there can be no doubt that the subsequent movements of the rebellion were not attributable to any sense of injury, but to the blind, undefined, and vague ideas of duty and attachment to a suffering party. Sir Richard Musgrave's *History of the Irish Rebellion* renders, by its faithfulness, and minuteness of detail, any further narrative unnecessary. To that faithful and able historian the reader is referred; but the present sketch will not have been penned in vain, if it inspire him with an abhorrence of rebellion and civil discord, and teach him not to overlook the value of his present blessings in his pursuit of ideal good.

H. D.

THE MAIDEN'S ROCK;

An Indian Tale.

THERE was in the village of Keoxa, in the tribe of Wapasha, during the time her father lived and ruled over them, a young Indian female, whose name was Winona, which signifies 'the first-born.' She had conceived an attachment for a young hunter, who reciprocated it; they had frequently met, and agreed to an union, in which all their hopes centred; but, on applying to her family, the hunter was surprised to find himself denied, and his claims superseded by those of a warrior of distinction, who had sued for her. The warrior was a general favourite with the nation; he had acquired a name by the services which he had rendered to his village when attacked by the Chippewas; yet, notwithstanding all the ardour with which he pressed his suit, and the countenance which he received from her parents and brothers, Winona persisted in preferring the hunter. To the usual commendations of her friends in favour of the warrior, she replied, that she had made choice of a man, who, being a professed hunter, would spend his life with her, and secure to her comfort and subsistence; while the warrior would be constantly absent, intent upon martial exploits. Winona's expostulations were, however, of no avail; and her parents, having succeeded in driving away her lover, began to use harsh measures, in order to compel her to unite with the man of their choice. To all her entreaties, that she should not be forced into an union so repugnant to her feelings, but rather be allowed to live a single life, they turned a deaf ear. Winona had at all times enjoyed a greater share in the affections of her family, and she had been indulged more than is usual with females among Indians; being a favourite with her brothers, they expressed a wish that her consent to this union should be obtained by persuasive means, rather than that she should be compelled to it against her inclination. With a view to remove some of her objections, they took means to provide for her future maintenance, and presented to the warrior all that in their simple mode of living an Indian might covet. About that time a party was formed to ascend from the village

to Lake Pepin, in order to lay in a store of the blue clay which is found upon its banks, and which is used by the Indians as a pigment. Winona and her friends were of the company. It was on the very day that they visited the lake that her brothers offered their presents to the Warrior. Encouraged by these, he again addressed her, but with the same ill success. Vexed at what they deemed an unjustifiable obstinacy on her part, her parents remonstrated in strong language, and even used threats to compel her into obedience. "Well," said Winona, "you will drive me to despair; I said I loved him not, I could not live with him; I wish to remain a maiden, but you would not. You say you love me, that you are my father, my brothers, my relations; yet you have driven from me the only man with whom I wished to be united; you have compelled him to withdraw from the village; alone he now ranges through the forest, with no one to assist him, none to spread his blanket, none to build his lodge, none to wait on him; yet was he the man of my choice. Is this your love? But even it appears that this is not enough; you would have me do more; you would have me rejoice in his absence; you wish me to unite with another man, with one whom I do not love, with whom I never can be happy. Since this is your love, let it be so; but soon you will have neither daughter, nor sister, nor relation, to torment with your false profession of affection." As she uttered these words she withdrew, and her parents, heedless of her complaints, resolved that that very day Winona should be united to the Warrior. While all were engaged in busy preparations for the festival, she wound her way slowly to the top of the hill. When she had reached the summit she called out with a loud voice to her friends below; she upbraided them for their cruelty to herself and her lover: "You," said she, "were not satisfied with opposing my union with the man whom I had chosen; you endeavoured, by deceitful words, to make me faithless to him; but when you found me resolved upon remaining single, you dared to threaten me; you knew me not, if you thought that I could be terrified into obedience,—you shall soon see how well I can defeat your designs." She then commenced to sing her dirge; the light wind which blew at the time wafted the words towards the spot where her friends were; they immediately rushed, some towards the summit of the hill to stop

her, others to the foot of the precipice to receive her in their arms, while all, with tears in their eyes, entreated her to desist from her fatal purpose; her father promised that no compulsive measure should be resorted to. But she was resolved, and, as she concluded the words of her song, she threw herself from the precipice, and fell, a lifeless corpse, near her distressed friends. Thus," added our guide, "has this spot acquired a melancholy celebrity. It is still called the Maiden's Rock, and no Indian passes near it without involuntarily casting his eye towards the giddy height, to contemplate the place whence this unfortunate girl fell, a victim to the cruelty of her relentless parents."

ANECDOCE OF LOUIS XVI.

AN anecdote relative to the coronation of Louis the XVI. has recently been published which, whether authentic or not, is rather amusing.—"The following anecdote has been communicated by an emigrant member of Louis the Sixteenth's court. It has certainly the air of having been made after the event which it foretells. It is well known, that prior to the coronation of Kings of France at Rheims, it has been usual to devote several days to feasting at Paris; the prince about to be crowned always being one of the party. On the first of the days thus devoted, previous to the coronation of Louis the sixteenth, on the party sitting down to dinner, the following lines were found under the couvert of Louis:—

' Louis! si tu vas à Rheims pour ton sacre,
De là tu torveras ton massacre!'

A reward of one hundred louis was offered for the discovery of the author of this denunciatory couplet; and on the next day, another slip of paper was found in the same situation, inscribed with these lines:

Louis, Louis, garde ton Louis,
Car j'étais seul quand je fis.'

M. J.

ACCIDENT ATTENDING THE CORONATION OF THE PRESENT FRENCH KING.

CHARLES X. left Paris for Compeigne some days previous to the coronation, and proceeded in great state to Rheims, where he arrived on Saturday, the 28th of May. On his way, he was saluted by discharges of artillery, and received with acclamations; but these were probably paid for, or managed—at least such was the case at the coronation of his ill-fated brother, Louis XVI. when a Programme of the ceremony was published, in which it was stated, that, in his progress from Versailles to Rheims, "his Majesty will be received in all the towns he passes through with the ringing of bells, the firing of artillery, and the acclamations of the people." The acclamations in honour of Charles the Tenth went off well enough, but the salutes of artillery not only caused a dreadful accident, but endangered the life of the king. As his Majesty with a suite of carriages was proceeding from Fismes, the horses of the carriages which conveyed the Dukes d'Aumont and de Damas, and Counts Cosse and Curial, took fright at the firing of the artillery, and ran away. The carriage was speedily dashed to pieces; Count Curial had two ribs broken in his side, and his shoulder cut by the glass. The Duke de Damas was dangerously wounded, and Count Cosse had a violent contusion on the head. The King himself was in considerable peril, for the horses of his carriage also took fright, and attempted to run away, but were stopped. The king having ascertained that every attention was paid to his unfortunate attendants who had been injured, proceeded on his journey, and on his arrival at Rheims, he was received by the civil authorities, and congratulated in "the set phrase of speech," by the sub-prefect and the civil and military authorities. A salute of an hundred and one guns was fired, which had again a considerable effect on the King's horses, and the bells of all the churches were rung. The king, however, proceeded in safety to the cathedral, to go through those ceremonies which in France are usual on the eve of a coronation.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIRS OF SAMUEL PEPYS, Esq. F. R. S. Secretary to the Admiralty in the Reign of Charles II. and James II. &c. 2 vols. 4to.—It is impossible within our limited space, to do justice to the merits of this interesting, and important publication. The Diary and private correspondence of Mr. Pepys, are included in this work, which will hereafter rank with the auto-biographical productions of Lord Clarendon, Mr. Evelyn and Lord Orford. The value of these memoirs, however, does not depend on the talents of the writer, so much as on the minuteness and accuracy with which they indicate the form and feature of the age in which he lived. These volumes are edited by Lord Braybroke.

ARTS AND ARTISTS; or the Anecdotes, Traits, Facts, and Relics of Painters and Paintings; Sculptors and Statuary, Architects and Architecture, Engravers and Engraving, of all Ages and Countries. By James Elmes, Esq. F. R. S. 3 vols. small 8vo., with portraits.

CONCERT-ROOM AND ORCHESTRA ANECDOTES of Music and Musicians, British and Foreign, Ancient and Modern. By Thomas Busby, M. A. 3 vols. sm. 8vo., with portraits.—There is much similarity in the plan of these works, both which are respectably executed, by gentlemen conversant with the subjects to which they relate.

MEMOIRS OF THE COUNTESS DE GENLIS, 12mo. vols. 3rd. and 4th.—This is a continuation of a work, the first two volumes of which were noticed in a preceding number of the Museum. The remarks there made are generally applicable to the pages before us; though the interest is heightened in the fourth volume, which treats of the opening scenes of the French Revolution, the progress of which seems to have disappointed the hopes which Madame de Genlis, and her friends, had formed at its commencement. We shall probably take another opportunity to enable our readers to judge for themselves, concerning the nature of the entertainment to be found in these volumes.

TRAVELS, &c.

OBSERVATIONS ON ITALY. By the late John Bell, 1825, 4to. The author of this work was an eminent Surgeon at Edinburgh, who travelled to Italy a few years since, and died at Rome, in 1820. He possessed considerable talents, and a cultivated taste, and was therefore particularly well qualified to describe, and to appreciate, the general character, and especial beauties and curiosities of a country, which was once the seat

of universal empire, so far as regarded the then civilized world. It is hardly needful to add, that such an observer has well executed his undertaking, and produced a useful, as well as amusing volume.

NOVELS.

THE NOVICE; or the Man of Integrity. From the French of L. B. Picard, 3 vols. 12mo.—The author of this work is no novice at novel writing. He has obtained much popularity in France, by his former publications, some of which have made their appearance on this side of the water. His present tale is designed to exemplify the advantages of consistent, unyielding integrity of conduct; and to contrast it with the mean-spirited, and fawning versatility of which later years have presented numerous instances among our Gallic neighbours. The author has executed his purpose in a creditable manner, without highly interesting or surprising his readers. The translator has done his duty.

THE EVE OF ALL-HALLOWS; or Adelaide of Tyrconnel: a Romance. By Matthew Hartstonge, Esq. M. T. R. A. 3 vols. 12mo.—These volumes are dedicated to Sir Walter Scott; and the story they contain, is an obvious imitation of his historical romances. It is easier, however, to copy the defects than the beauties of that fascinating writer; and we cannot compliment Mr. Hartstonge, with being a successful imitator of Sir Walter Scott. The romantic incidents of this story are the same with those of a delightful tale, written by the late Mr. Maturin and published in the last annual volume of the "Souvenir." We would not, however, charge Mr. Hartstonge with plagiarism, as he may possibly have derived his materials from the same tradition as his predecessor.

LOCHANDHU, 3 vols. 12mo.—The writer of this novel belongs to the Waverley School, and is by no means an unpromising disciple. Neither incident nor interest is wanting in these volumes, the title pages of which are ornamented with beautiful vignettes.

HUSBAND-HUNTING, or the Mother and Daughters. A Tale of Fashionable Life, 3 vols. 12mo.—One of the most prominent and most mischievous follies of fashion, is agreeably satirized in this Tale; which we willingly recommend to the attention of our fair readers.

TRUTH AND FASHION, a Sketch. By F. R.—n, 2 vols. 12mo. 1825.—This novel seems intended to illustrate the effects of education, as displayed in the opposite characters of two sisters, one of whom falls the victim of levity and imprudence, after having been early introduced into the fashionable world; while the other, brought up in retirement, becomes a respectable and happy wife and mother. The story is very well told; and though not particularly striking, is far from being destitute of interest.

HARRY AND LUCY concluded. By Maria Edgeworth, 4 vols. 12mo.—These volumes form part of a series, devoted, by Miss Edgeworth,

to the improvement of the systematic education of young persons. It is sufficient to announce the work as the completion of her design.

THE JOURNAL OF LLEWELLIN PENROSE, a Seaman. 12mo. This is a reprint, in one volume, of an ingenious imitation of *Robinson Crusoe*, originally published in four volumes.

POETRY.

THE MOOR, a Poem, in Six Cantos. By Lord Porchester, 8vo.—We merely announce this poem, as being the only one of any importance which has recently appeared.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ART OF BEAUTY; or the Best Methods of Improving and Preserving the Shape, Carriage, and Complexion. Together with the Theory of Beauty. 1825. Sm. 8vo.—Many works have been published on the subject of Beauty, and several on a plan similar to that before us; they are, however, in general, so contemptibly executed as to be worse than useless. A treatise of this kind, must necessarily be a compilation. On the present occasion, the writer has drawn together much important information on medical, physiological, dietetical, and gymnastic topics, relating principally to the art of recovering or preserving Beauty, so far as it depends on Health: for Beauty must, after all, be the gift of Nature, and cannot be acquired, or created by the processes of Art. A great number of prescriptions are introduced into this work, which, in general, appear to be useful and judicious; some, however, of the cosmetic recipes savour of antiquated chemistry, and might have been better omitted. The theory of Beauty, consists chiefly of a critique on Mr. Allison's principles advanced in his Essays on Taste.—Upon the whole, this "Art of Beauty," may be studied by the ladies with advantage.

Intelligence relative to Literature and the Arts.

Shakspeare. At the recent sale of the property of the late D. Garrick, Esq. by Mr. Christie, a handsome cup, made of the wood of the famous mulberry-tree, planted by Shakspeare, which was presented to Garrick, at the Stratford Jubilee, in 1769, was purchased for £127 1s. by Mr. Johnson, of Southampton-Street, in the Strand. At the same sale, five blocks of the Shakspeare mulberry-tree, fetched the sum of 31 Guineas.

Miss Landon.—The Troubadour, catalogue of pictures, &c. by the author of the Improvisatrice, is expected to appear almost immediately.

Milton.—The Treatise on Christian Doctrine, by Milton, discovered some time since, in the State paper office, is announced for speedy publication.

Portraits of Eminent Persons.—A valuable and extensive collection of portraits, by celebrated painters, of the three last centuries, has been just opened for exhibition in the house formerly occupied by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in Leicester-Square.

African Expedition.—Major Denham and Lieutenant Clapperton, who have been travelling in the interior of Africa, are said to have made some important discoveries. They have ascertained that the river Niger discharges itself into an inland lake seventy miles in length; and they have visited a powerful kingdom, inhabited by an Arabian people, much more civilized than the inhabitants of the sea-coast.

New Periodicals.—“The Parthenon,” a Magazine of Literature and Art, printed entirely on stone, has been started; and an additional quarterly Magazine is announced, from the pages of which politics are to be excluded.

Literary Institutions.—Some measures are in contemplation for re-organizing and improving the Russel Institution. The recently-formed Surry Institution, has already a library of 1800 volumes, besides magazines and reviews.

Captain Cook.—The widow of this celebrated circumnavigator, is now living at Clapham, in her 90th year.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS,

FOR JUNE, 1825.

A most splendid scene occurred at St. James's Palace, on the 9th of this month, when his Majesty held a Drawing-Room, which was attended by vast numbers of the nobility and gentry. Among the presentations which took place on this occasion, were several foreign ambassadors, and a variety of other distinguished persons. Those who attracted most attention, were Mrs. Coutts, presented by the Countess of Guilford: and Mrs. Hughes Ball, by Lady Burke. The appearance of the former lady at court, has excited some surprise, and called forth many remarks. She has been described as “standing in the brilliant throng, the very picture of ill-humour; her person, never very slender, swollen by luxury to an enormous size; and her face as black as Egyptian bronze. But all that layish wealth could congregate was thrown around her to compensate; she glittered in lama and diamonds, while a gorgeous pendant hung on each cheek, like ‘a rich jewel in an Ethiop’s ear.’” It is since stated, that her introduction at court was preparatory to her being elevated to the highest

title that can be legally borne by any private female, in this country. On the day after the Drawing-Room, Mrs. Coutts gave a most magnificent entertainment to a number of persons of the first distinction, at her villa, at Holly-hill. Nothing could exceed the variety and profusion displayed at this festival; which is said to have been furnished at an expence little short of £5000. A grand gala was given by his Majesty, on the 15th, to the royal family, some foreigners of distinction, ministers of state, &c. But preparations are nearly completed, for a still more splendid banquet of a novel kind, on an extensive scale, at the Cottage, in Windsor Great Park. It is to be called *Dejeuner a la Fourslette*; and the plan of it is said to have been suggested by the elegant fetes, given at Chiswick, by the Duke of Devonshire. Besides the luxury of the table, musical and other exhibitions will be introduced for the amusement of the company, which is expected to consist of all the royal family, with *one exception*, peers and peeresses, and other persons of fashion and fortune, to the amount of four or five hundred.

At a Masonic dinner, lately, at the Thatched House Tavern, an interesting occurrence took place. The Duke of Sussex, in a speech, after his health had been drank, alluded to the Duke of York, who was present, with so much affectionate sensibility, that his Royal Highness could not refrain from shedding tears. Thus, it seems, the political differences of these two great personages do not destroy that cordiality and esteem, which ought to subsist between such near relatives. A reconciliation has been recently effected, between the Duke of Gloucester, and a royal relation, through the interposition of the amiable duchess; in consequence of which, the duke was a guest at the royal banquet just noticed.

Many important subjects have undergone discussion in both Houses of Parliament, this month; among which are the reformation of the Court of Chancery, impressing of men for the navy, the corn laws, the colonial trade, the Irish Church establishment, the exportation of machinery, the laws against combinations of workmen, the quarantine laws, and newspaper duties; besides several of a more private, or personal nature. Of the latter description are the acts just passed for grants of £6000 a-year to the Duke of Cumberland, towards providing for the education of his son; and a similar sum to the Duchess of Kent, for her daughter, the Princess Feodor. Against the first of these grants, great opposition has been manifested, but the Dutchess of Kent's annuity-bill has passed both the House of Commons, and the House of Lords, with unanimity. A bill has also been brought forward, for providing a residence for the king, by enlarging Buckingham House; as Carlton Palace is in such a state as to require to be taken down. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in moving for the second reading of this bill, said, "Removal from Carlton House had absolutely become necessary. It did not result from any capricious inclination of the King, to leave Carlton House, but Carlton

House was leaving his Majesty." The expence of the new buildings, it is said, will not be more than £200,000.

It is said, that Parliament will be prorogued, on the 2nd of July, when his Majesty will go in state to the House of Lords.

FOREIGN TRANSACTIONS. At the city gala, in honour of the Coronation of Charles X, at the Hotel de Ville, at Paris, tickets were issued for 6000 persons; in consequence of which, the crowd and confusion were so great, and the supply of refreshments so inadequate to the demand, that the waiters were overturned and robbed by the gentlemen, in endeavouring to supply the ladies; and scenes took place, not very consistent with common decency, to say nothing of French politeness. A royal ordinance has been issued, decreeing, "That the Session of the Chamber of Peers, and of the Chamber of Deputies of Departments, for 1825, is, and remains, closed.

There are, in the Mediterranean, a great many Columbian vessels, cruising against the Spaniards; and the number of ships they have captured, is very considerable. The French newspaper, called "Le Constitutionel," has been prohibited at Rome. Throughout Greece the utmost unanimity prevails. A commission has been appointed by the government, to superintend the organization of a body of 12,000 regular troops. News has also been just received, of a naval victory, gained by the Greeks. Admiral Miaulis attacked the sea-port town of Modon, in the Morea, burnt two Turkish frigates, and other vessels, in the harbour, and set fire to the town.

Intelligence has arrived of the ratification of the treaty, between England and Mexico, which took place of the 24th of April. There is some probability of hostilities occurring, between the emperor of Brazil and the government of Buenos Ayres, in consequence of the latter laying claim to Monte Video. Some commotions have occurred at Maranham, which were suppressed by Lord Cochrane. It is reported that Callao, the port of Lima, the capital of Peru, has been taken by storm, by General Bolivar; who is said to have put the garrison to the sword.

The recognition of the independence of Columbia, by our government, has been hailed with great rejoicings at Bogata, and in other parts of the republic. On the 1st of May, Colonel Campbell arrived at the Columbian capital, to conclude a treaty of commerce, between Great Britain and Columbia. It is said, M. de Villele, the French Minister, is endeavouring to prevail on the Spanish Court to acknowledge the independence of the new states of America; but his exertions are not likely, at present, to be crowned with success.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE. Several destructive conflagrations have recently happened, in the metropolis. On the premises of Mr. Spradley, lamp-contractor, Long-acre, a fire broke out, owing to the breaking a

bottle of essential oil of coal-tar, which destroyed several houses, and occasioned the death of a man in the employ of Mr. Spradley. The house of Levy Solomons, Esq. a jew diamond merchant, in Bury-Street, St. Mary Axe, was consumed by fire, with property, worth £30,000. Cumberland tavern, Vauxhall, was burnt down on the 25th, ult. A most disastrous fire began in Titchfield-Street, on the 21st, inst. which, before it could be extinguished, spread through the premises of several timber-merchants, carpenters, coach-makers, &c. and completely gutted such a number of houses in Wells-Street, Mortimer-Street, and Margaret-Street, Cavendish-Square, that one hundred families are said to have been deprived of their habitations; though, as the accident happened in the day-time, fortunately, no lives were lost. On the 19th, a boat was upset in passing through the centre arch of London-Bridge, when two persons were drowned. At Knightsbridge, near the Barracks, a new house is erecting, on a scaffold before which, twenty men were at work, when a large stone fell from the parapet, broke the scaffold, and precipitated several of the men to the ground. Seven were taken up dreadfully injured, and carried to St. George's Hospital, where they lie, with little prospect of recovery. On the 20th, three gentlemen returning from Waltham-Green to Chelsea, in a chariot, rather inebriated, one of them mounted the box, and snatching the reins from the coachman, drove with such violence and carelessness, as to overset the carriage. One of the gentlemen inside was killed, and the other, and the coachman, dangerously hurt.

Lord Harborough, and a gentleman named Bailey, were brought to Bow-Street, on a warrant, charging them with a violent assault on a watchman in Bond-Street. They were ordered to find bail, to answer the charge at the Sessions.

L. N. Choveaux, a clerk in the Sun Fire Office, was lately committed to Newgate, for defrauding his employers of money, which had been paid to him on their account. A gentleman, who called himself Captain Southerland, was charged at Bow-Street, with committing an assault, in the house of a Mr. Allanson, in the Haymarket, to whose nice he had been an impudent and troublesome suitor, in spite of her rejection of his addresses. He was required to find bail. A man named Barry, who lived with his wife, in St. Giles's, in the utmost distress, having been harshly treated by his landlord, removed to another lodging. On entering it, he seemed much afflicted at the usage he had received, and exclaimed, "May the curse of Jehovah fall on his cruel head." He had no sooner spoken than he fell on his knees, and immediately expired. A young man, apprenticed to a pawnbroker, in the Hampstead-Road, lately drowned himself, in the Serpentine canal. M. Simon, a vaulter, who performed the character of a monkey, at the Surrey theatre, in leaping from one tree to another, fell on the stage and broke his leg.

Great exertions have been made, to obtain a commutation of the sen-

tence of Probert, condemned to death, for horse-stealing. He appears to have, by no means, anticipated so severe a fate; and, on learning that the interest made to procure a reprieve had been unavailing, he betrayed the most abject terror and despair. He was executed at the Old Bailey, on the 20th, together with three other persons, two of whom suffered for a crime similar to his own.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

No piece of importance has been recently brought out at this theatre. The only novel production was a musical entertainment, exhibited here on the 14th of this month, and we believe, not likely to be repeated. It was entitled "La Solitaire, or The Recluse," and was taken from the French. The incidents were common-place, and the dialogue dull, even to stupidity, and the catastrophe improbable, so that the piece merited the fate which awaited it. The acting, with the exception of the part performed by Harley, was spiritless and insipid as the drama itself.

The play-bills announce that Mr. Kean is to return to Drury-Lane, after an absence of two months, to complete his engagements. So that he appears to have relinquished the intention which he sometime since entertained, of absenting himself, *for years*, from the stage; and from his native country.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Mr. Bailey's new tragedy of "Orestes in Argos," has been once repeated here, with considerable effect; but it does not seem likely to become a favourite with the public.

KING'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

Mademoiselle Gascia, a musical debutante, made her first appearance at the King's theatre, on the 11th of this month; when she acquitted herself in a style of excellence, which called forth the approbation of the audience; and afforded ground for agreeable anticipations of her future success.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The managers of this house, as well as those of the winter theatres, seem to think that the public will be better satisfied with seeing performers of eminence, in their favourite parts, than in witnessing the display of dramatic novelties. They leave us, therefore, only to announce that Mr. Liston commenced his engagement at the Haymarket, on the 15th, inst, when he performed, for, perhaps, the hundredth time, in the farce of "Sweethearts and Wives."

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Promenade & Evening Full Dresses for July

Invented by Miss Ciorpoint, Edward Street, Portman Square.

Pub. July 2, 1815 by Dean & Monday, Threadneedle Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION
FOR JULY, 1825.

PROMENADE DRESS.

A ROBE of *gros de Naples*, ornamented with a bias welt, meeting in the centre of the body.—A loose tuck to pass round the skirt, below which is a full puffing of satin, finished at the border by a double wadded hem. With this dress is worn a pelerine cape, the ends completed by rosettes of *tulle*. Loose sleeves, confined at the wrists with broad gold bracelets, Bonnet or dress hat of white *gros de Naples*, ornamented by a rich fall of Urling's patent lace from the crown, intermixed with sprigs of flowers:—lappets, puffed, under the bonnet, and finished by rich broad strings.—Gold chain and cross.—Limerick gloves, and black walking shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

A ROUND dress of amber-coloured silk, finished at the bottom by bias scollops, confined by three straps and buttons on each; the border is completed by a broad wadded hem. The body is made full with the same material, and confined at regular distances with welts of satin, finished with rosettes on the top of the bust. The sleeves are short and full, with straps on the shoulder, and bottom of the sleeve, meeting; and ornamented round each with pointed blond: the sleeve is confined round the arm by a broad band. The hair is arranged in the Parisian style, with large curls and spiral feathers. Ear-pendants and necklace of pearl. Bracelets and chain of gold. White kid gloves, and satin shoes.

HEAD-DRESS.—In the most fashionable parties, the hair is elegantly arranged in bows, interspersed with coloured gauze, mostly pink; blue flowers are also much worn, but gauze is considered the most fashionable. The front is arranged in luxuriant full curls, not so large, but rather longer, of an easy natural style, and a little more approaching to the ringlet. At the late Drawing rooms, diamonds in the hair, surrounded by rich plumes of feathers, were almost general.

These elegant dresses were invented by MISS PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square.—For the novel head-dress we are indebted to MR. COLLEY, Bishopsgate-within.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

KENSINGTON-GARDENS have become the leading resort of the fashionables, and the whole flock of promenaders has followed in their train. The collection of horses and carriages at the gates of the gardens on the last two Sundays of June, was quite unprecedented, and all abandoned to the care of servants. When we entered the gardens, at half-past five o'clock, the promenade presented a brilliant *coupd'œil* of rank and fashion. Among the foreigners of distinction, we observed the Russian and Polish princes, and all the foreign Ambassadors with their ladies, some of whom seemed to have resolved to astonish the natives, by the richness, variety, and splendour of their attire.

The pelisses are made in various ways: some fasten down the front, and others on one side with rosette ornaments. The newest summer pelisses fly off at the front, and are, in fact, only pelisse-robés, displaying a richly embroidered muslin petticoat, made of fine jacconot.

Though the dresses have varied in make but little since last month, yet we cannot forbear particularly noticing a dinner-party dress of *gros de Naples*, of a fine ethereal blue. The ornaments on the border are formed of full oblong puffs of blue gauze, each puff confined by a strap of satin, from whence issue three lotos leaves. The front of the body is made like a stomacher, with antique straps across the bust, and a row of small buttons down the centre, from the bust to the small part of the waist. The sleeves are short, and are trimmed to correspond with the stomacher; but the strap ornaments are placed lengthways. A narrow tucker of white blond encircles the bust and shoulders,

Gros de Naples is the favourite material for dinner and evening parties: the dresses are considered most genteel when made plain. Printed muslins are very general for morning costume: they are trimmed with festooned flounces. We are enabled to describe a very beautiful court-dress worn by a distinguished female at the late Drawing-room. It consisted of a white satin petticoat, superbly trimmed at the border with three flounces of broad blond, in festoons; each row headed with a novel kind of ornament of entwined scallops,

formed of white satin. A row of the same trimming, richly embossed, was placed round the border next the feet. The body and train were of pink *gros de Naples*, splendidly finished down the sides and round the border with *tulle* and silver lama; beyond which, lying on the silk, was a plaiting of white blond, of a most superb pattern. The sleeves were composed of *tulle* and pink *gros de Naples*, made very full, and trimmed round the arm with three rows of blond. A most becoming and elegant ornament, *à la belle Gabrielle*, of broad blond, was made to stand up on each shoulder, and produced a striking effect. The waist was confined by a belt of the same material as the train, ornamented in the front with brilliants. The *corsage* was made plain, and finished in front of the bust with a blond tucker. A beautiful group of white feathers, slightly tinged with pink at the edges, formed the head-dress over a diadem-bandeau of diamonds. The court lappets were of blond, and the ear pendants and necklace of diamonds.

A great variety of bonnets have appeared during the last month. For the carriage, one of white *gros de Naples*, is elegantly trimmed with gauze and blond, and a profusion of full-blown blush-roses; the blond at the edge of the bonnet is carelessly caught up by blush-coloured satin narrow *rouleaux*; the strings are of pink gauze riband, richly broaded with *tulle* lappets, trimmed round with blond. A favourite hat for Hyde-park, and other fashionable drives, is of Parma violet-coloured *gros de Naples*, with a very full cluster, in front, of white honeysuckles. A rose-coloured satin bonnet is also much admired: it is rather of a close form, ornamented with full-blown Provence roses and their buds. A promenade hat of Egyptian sand-colour in satin, is chaste and elegant; it is lined with pink, and simply ornamented with bows of the same colour and material as the hat, edged with narrow pink satin *rouleaux*; the hat is tied down with pink satin riband.

The home cornettes are of blond, with lilac satin bows, or a few flowers slightly scattered. A kind of bonnet cornette, for carriage airings, has lately appeared and excited much admiration: it has in front a double row of broad blond, fluted, and set on wires, which aid it in being bent down, in the Mary Stuart style, in front of the forehead, and very wide at the temples. Roses of various colours decorate this cap in front; and one of red, and a small double holly-oak blossom of purple,

lie on each temple under the border. The crown is of *tulle*, chequered over with white and pink satin, in treillage-work. Open *toques*, displaying the hair between the chain-work, that composes the caul, are now the most prevalent kind of turban head-dress; but dress hats are rapidly succeeding in favour. The most fashionable colours are, Tyrian purple, Parma violet, ethereal blue, pink, and lavender.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

AT the grand ball given at the Hotel-de-ville, in honour of the Coronation of Charles the Tenth, were seen a number of dress robes, in gold and silver *tulle*, with rose-coloured or apricot stripes, ornamented with ears of corn in pearls, confined by rosettes of the same colour as the body of the robe. White grounds were most numerous in the ball-dresses; there were also some of a rose-colour, and sky-blue. Many ladies wore a gauze scarf in the form of braces, either joined, or twisted in gold or silver, and with the ends fringed.

On a quantity of very high head-dresses, a twist composed of braids of hair and galloon of silver or gold, formed the crown, or *corbeille*. Above this first ornament was a crown of flowers confined close to the head; all equal, and without leaves. On others, marabouts, the ends of which were fastened in the galloon of gold or silver, replaced the crown of flowers. The flowers we speak of were natural. There were on other heads garlands of flowers ornamented with gold and silver, in clusters, and ears of corn, and also bouquets in gold and precious stones.

A number of turbans of gold cloth had for ornaments, near each temple, a large puffing plaited in the form of a shell; and on the front, a bird of paradise with yellow tail, fastened by an ornament of precious stones. To some of these turbans were depending a loop of gold cloth, with tassels at the end.

A number of *tulle* dresses are what is called *ribaned*, that is, large ribands fixed from the waist to the border of the dress; these ribands nearly join at the waist, and gradually widen on approaching the border of the dress, and there a

bouquet of flowers or a rosette appears to fasten each riband. Puffings of *tulle*, and flaps of satin, of a triangular shape, running over three rows in height, or crossed at each row, ornament the border of some dresses.

We have seen more than two hundred trimmings of dresses intended for those ladies who are invited to the grand balls which are now succeeding each other, without interruption, in the capital. Nearly all of them are of a light texture, ornamented with flowers; three fourths have mountings in bias, called *sattesuses*. The sleeves of robes in full dress, are excessively short and puffing. At court, on the contrary, they are half-long, with very little puffing: they are nearly flat on the shoulder, and all have a *sabot* in *tulle*, or in blond. *Sabot* is that kind of ruffle or trimming a little plaited, which is placed round the lower edge of the sleeve.

The robes which are seen on the promenades are generally trimmed from the knee to the bottom of the dress with five or six folds or tucks; the *corsage* is that of a *blouse*, with a pelerine similar to the robe, ornamented in the form of a bee-hive, cut in figures, or with a triple band finished with round plaits. The number of robes of *barège* silk, striped and shaded, is prodigious.

The King went to the Opera on Friday, the 10th of June: the view of the interior of the house was quite enchanting. When his Majesty entered, all the ladies in the boxes stood up; we were then enabled to judge of the richness and elegance of their toilet. The diamonds, which were unperceived in the multitude that filled the hall of the Hotel-de-Ville, now shone in all their lustre. The subsequent appearance of his Majesty, at Feydeau, caused nearly as brilliant an assembly as that of the Opera; the diamonds were very conspicuous, as well as robes ornamented with flowers and ribands of gold. A robe of black silk blond, plainly embroidered, was ornamented with three mountings, formed by garlands of roses. The head-dress had for ornaments a band of pearls in brilliants, and three roses. A robe of white *tulle*, ribanded in blue, was ornamented with rosettes in ribands of gold and silver. A garland of leaves of the palm-tree, alternately in gold and silver, was mingled with the hair, which was fastened by a comb in turquoise.

Many robes of *tulle* had for trimming *cherrons* and flaps of satin, laid on a puffing of *tulle*, bordered with galloons of silver. The *corsage* was surrounded with a row of wolves'-teeth in satin, edged with blond. A robe of India muslin, made in the form of a *blouse*, had long and large sleeves, with five bracelets in lattice-work of gold.

On some head-dresses were seen the narcissus in silver: on others, the daisy in gold; on others, again, garlands of white or tube-roses. Pearls, diamonds, or precious stones, formed the band of a great many turbans. At the departure of the company we remarked, that a number of elegant females, wore instead of a shawl, a point of white silk blond, ornamented with a rich embroidery.

Several ladies wear Leghorn hats, the border of which is larger behind than before; and which are ornamented with four rosettes of white satin; the ends of two are fringed. On other Leghorn hats there are three double lilies, yellow, ponceau, and white; on others again, a crown of jassmine, Parma-violets; and red carnations or pinks, placed half on the brim and half on the top of the hat. Although not diminished in size, the border of pelerine hats appears smaller, owing to two very large cockades, which ornament it on the right and left.

On Leghorn hats of a less simple shape, some fashionables wear a mixture of feathers and flowers; for instance, a garland of roses and heads of curled feathers, or rather, marabouts and a branch of the pine tree. The trimming of a number of Leghorn bonnets consists of a high blond, and bands of straw arranged round the shape. Each of these bands is bordered with an embroidering of white *gros de Naples* and blond. Flat feathers are mixed alternately with the bands. A great number of white stuff hats are worn; they are generally trimmed with roses. Some straw Bolivars have the brim very large before and behind, and narrow at the sides; a crown of white curled feathers or yellow straw surround the bottom of the hat.

Crêpe hats.—The most sought after are either of a rose-colour or white; the former, besides the flaps of blond, which serve for trimming, are ornamented with three large roses, ponceau, rose, and white, placed in the ladder form, and in bias, from the crown of the head to the brim. On hats of white *crêpe* are generally seen rosettes of satin, mignonette, &c.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

ODE TO GREAT BRITAIN,
ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

Vitis ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uvae,
Ut gregibus tauri, segetes, ut pinguis arvis;
Tu decus omne tuis.

VIRG. Ecl. v. 3g.

DEAR land that gave me birth,
Thy glories never die;
Resign thy Monarch to the earth,
Among the great to lie.

His royal course is run,—
The weary takes his rest,
Retiring, glorious as the sun,
When sinking in the west.

How tranquil now the head,
That, free from care and pain,
Reposes in the grave's sweet bed,
Until it rise again!

Thy King expir'd in hope
Of glory in the sky;
And when the dreary tomb shall ope,
That glory waits on high.

But while the mighty falls,
Behold the **VIRTUOUS MAN**!
His bright example loudly calls,
To follow where he ran.

Religion, Truth, and Love,
Adorn'd his righteous sway,
And shone with splendour far above
The star of opening day.

Firm as a rock, that stands
Against the rushing waves,
He kept the FAITH, and rais'd his hands
To Him who nations saves.

Hence Victory, like the dawn,
When mighty storms are past,
In all her brightest glories shone—
His own reward at last!

Then teach the power that fell
Thy Monarch's faith to prize;
Bid her in righteousness excel—
The only way to rise:

— Speak, Britain, to that train,
Who seek the Gallic shore;
And save them from the hateful stain,
Their fathers would deplore.—

“ Ye tread a cursed ground,
Despise the joys of home,
And run a giddy magic round,
Where vice and misery roam!

“ Shall France be your delight,
Whence Truth and Virtue flee?
Look not for favour in my sight,
When ye return to me.—

“ For England learn to feel,
And know your country's woes;—
Apply some balm her wounds to heal,
And help these wounds to close.

“ So shall your native streams
The cup of bliss impart.
And honour's never-fading beams
Shall cheer the patriot's heart.”—

Sweet be the sacred name
Of GEORGE to every breast;
Immortal be his honest fame,
In holy splendour drest.

What blessings in his reign,
O Britain, hast thou seen!
How great a mighty nation's gain,
Compar'd with what has been!

Fair Science took her flight,
And went the globe around;
In COOK and PARKE, those sons of light,
How far wast thou renown'd?

But where can nation boast,
My country, as in thee,
Such worthies as that righteous host,†
Which bade the slave be free?

Thy sons to distant climes
The glorious gospel bear;
And works of mercy, in our times,
Its truth and power declare.

So may thy navies fly
To ev'ry distant shore,
And these, thy glories, never die,
Till earth be known no more!

Haverfordwest,

J. B.

THE TIME FOR THOUGHT.

DOETH the bee delight him more
From his honied hive to fly,
As along heaven's morning floor
Dawn comes forth so silently,

Than the bard, his nook of dreams,
In some little twilight room,
To leave, what time the amber streams
Ripple in the evening gloom?

† Referring to Wilberforce, Clarkson, and others, by whose persevering efforts the Abolition of the African Slave Trade was effected.

Sweet it is to bare the brow
To the dews and winds of night,
When the earth is still below,
When above the stars are bright:

When the distant city's din
Fainter every moment grows,
And nodding Sleep is thron'd within
Ten thousand fanes in dusky rows;

Then, oh then, 'tis sweet to rove
By the stream and by the brake,
Dreaming o'er our youthful love,
Rousing thoughts which seldom wake:

While, perchance, the nightly bird,
From her painful throne of thorn,
Is chanting her lone ditty, heard
Sweeter than the perfumed morn.

And Fancy's ear in every note
Doth catch the mingling voice of time,
Telling that the same did float
Of old in the sweet attic clime:

Where wander'd oft Electra's bard
By Ilyssus' winding wave,
Or set him on the dewy sward,—
Perchance some ancient hero's grave.

To drink the sounds which night doth boast,
And stop her dusky steeds, to hear;
Nor does our bleak and broken coast
Want this magic of the ear.

Silence, too, itself is sweet,
While we read the storied sky,
And watch the mighty Hunter's feet
Trace their old round quietly:

There Andromeda for ever
Rescued sits, a peerless maid;
There, cold Cynthia's diamond quiver
Doth the shades of heaven invade:

All I think, and all I see
On the cloudy brow of night,
Makes the midnight hour to me
Dear as dawning's golden light:
For then I stand beside the throne
Of Mind, and make its stores my own,

ADOPTION.

A VERNAL shoot of promise rare,
Near to my bower I planted,
In hopes my care might give it there
The nutriment it wanted:

For yet the germs of many a flower
Within their cradle slumber'd,
Which sun and shower in happy hour,
Might swell with sweets unnumber'd.

I propt the stem, I clear'd the soil,
I water'd, prun'd, and train'd it;
A hopeful smile repaid my toil,
But close the buds remain'd yet.

I tried ambition's forcing heat;
Methought they open'd slowly,
Each budding sweet peep'd forth to meet,
But would not venture wholly.

By gentler arts I strove to move,
When force in vain commanded:
I fanned it with the breath of love,
And every germ expanded.

Oh! then how breath'd each budding flower!
In fragrance beyond measure!
And every hour I hail'd the Power
Gave me to guard that treasure!

But let me not, with breath too warm,
Scorch where I vow'd to nourish,
But shelter still from spoil and storm,
And give it long to flourish:

For should I blight that lovely flower
That on my faith depended,
No peaceful hour, in hall or bower,
Were mine till life were ended.

CHARADE.

My first is a youthful attendant on courts ;
My second is Industry's emblem and guide :
My whole may be seen gracing royalty's sports ;
And is gazed on by many with pleasure and pride.

J. M. LACEY.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A very old Subscriber's" letter has been received. There can be no desire, on our part, pertinaciously, to adhere to any one plan in preference to another, only so far as so doing receives the public approbation.—We will take the proposed alteration into consideration; and state our intentions at a future time.

"The Heirs of Bretagne," is received, and under consideration.

Louisa's favours will be inserted.

We are requested to call the attention of our correspondents to the unanswered charade in our February number.

Mr. Lacey's communications will be inserted.

Mrs. Pilkington's letter duly came to hand, and has been privately answered.

D. D. D. is a very improving writer, and, in his opinions of his own performances, manifests more modesty than usually belongs to young authors. His favours will meet early attention.

Miss Turner's Poem; with some other of her communications, is intended for insertion.

We request the attention of our poetical correspondents to the note at page 26, of our present number.





Miss Elizabeth Reynolds.

Engraved by T. Woolnoth, from a Miniature
painted by herself.

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